SUPPLEMENT

TO THE

Poetical Magazine,

COMPLETING VOL. II.

FROM NOVEMBER, 1809, *TO APRIL*, 1810.

——————poetica surgit
Tempestas.—————— JUVENAL.
"The poetic Storm arises."

JAMAICA,

A POEM.

BY BRYAN EDWARDS.

JAMAICA's beauteous isle and genial clime
I sing.—Attend, ye Britons! nor disdain
Th' advent'rous Muse, to verdant vales that soars,
And radiant realms, beyond th' Atlantic wave;
Ardent to gather, for her Albion's brow,
A tropic wreath, green with immortal Spring.

Guide of my earliest youth!—a seraph now
In heav'n—tho' there far nobler themes employ
Thy rapt'rous hours! wilt thou, my T**** (as wont,
Ere Fate forbade), inspire my numbers? Thee,
Lov'd and lamented friend, I still invoke,
Whose magic verse with love of song first fir'd
My glowing bosom, and whose guardian hand,
In Life's gay morn, from Passion's devious maze
Oft turn'd my erring feet. Thy fav'rite groves
Once more I seek, and many a well-known haunt

Revisit, where the tender thought recalls
Thy social converse and approving smile,
That cheer'd in happier days the sultry clime,
And half suppress'd th' involuntary sigh
For distant Albion! O, propitious st[illegible],
Dear honour'd shade! (so pleas'd in life to stray
Down soft Affection's path,) on angel-wings
Descending, hover o'er my lonely walk:
By thee first taught, thy own sweet lays still prompt
My nightly musings, and my matin song.

And thou, dear soil maternal! tho' from thee
Again I wander, from my glowing breast
Nor distant skies nor intervening seas
Shall rase thy lov'd idea—native clime
Of beauty, virtue, liberty, and law!
And when my beaten bark, returning, dares
Once more the rough Atlantic, and thy cliffs
(Old Ocean's boast!) high o'er the dusk-green wave
Catch my full eyes, fond Fancy pleas'd shall paint
Thy valleys doubly fertile—doubly bright
Thy hills. Thee shall th' accordant Muse exalt
With higher rapture, and with strengthen'd wing
Explore a loftier flight—thy praise her theme.

Meanwhile, ye torrid heav'ns! not undismay'd
(The scene untrod), nor with undazzled sight,
I seek your burning confines; where sublime
Yon wondrous mountains rise, whose shaggy sides
Invest th' ethereal azure, and whose brows
Th' eternal vapour shrouds! Great Nature there
Reigns in dread majesty, and unshorn strength.
Ye hoary piles! ye Heav'n-aspiring cliffs!
Say, did th' Almighty Father bid uprear
Your many-tower'd heights, what time his voice,
Creative, first inform'd th' unactive mass?
Or laid the Sov'reign Architect alone

Your firm foundations in th' unfathom'd waves,
And saw your lofty peaks emerging rise,
Slow and progressive? Ages thus (if thus
Th' Eternal plann'd) have roll'd away, nor seen
Your mighty infancy; and still perhaps
Shall long revolving ages roll, ere stops
Your giant growth! Oft 'midst your secret shades
(Conflicting thunders echoing deep below)
Musing I wander, and admiring trace
Old Ocean's abdicated empire there.
I see, in wondrous strata, deep and vast,
Extraneous forms, once subjects of the main,
The branching coral and the pearly shell,
Left by the refluent waters, as the earth
From chaos rose; or when the uplifted surge
Broke from his strong foundations, and o'erwhelm'd
The sons of men, impenitent! Some deem
The mountains then, proud Teneriffe's peak,
Atlas, and mightier Andes, first display'd
Their uncouth summits—fix'd in awful sign
Of wrath divine awak'd; that many a realm—
Seat of proud empire since—was but a wreck
Of the crush'd world; and ev'n th' Atlantic isles
But splendid ruins—the dispers'd remains
Of some fair continent, wide spreading once
From Apalachia's hills to Paria's gulf;—
The same, perchance, of which Egyptu's lore
To godlike Solon told: but pitying Heav'n,
Still merciful in anger, mark'd and spar'd
The scatter'd fragments; o'er them gracious threw
The robe of radiant Beauty, and ordain'd
Sweet Plenty crown their vales, and Health their shores.

Ye happy islands, in the wondrous change
Rejoice! nor envy Mexico's proud realms,
Nor rich Potosi's ore—(sad source of crimes,
And seas of guiltless blood!)—th' unhealthful mine,

Useless and barren, 'till exchang'd its dross
For nobler products. Thousands, too, condemn'd
(Hard fate!) t' explore the latent metals, die
Inglorious. E'en the ambient air is fraught
With poison. The poor slave, who has not seen
For many a mournful year his parent sun,
Falls not alone: from earth's deep caverns rise
Foul baleful blasts, that scatter fate around;
While the dank wood, which never sunbeam pierc'd,
Boundless as Ocean, as the deluge old,
Blends the moist vapour, and infects the heavens.

Nor only the dank wood and noxious mine
Mark the wild wastes beneath the burning zone:
On Darien's marshy shores, and the rank plains
Of hot Quiana, to the sick'ning gale,
O'er many a solitary league outspread,
Th' unnavigable pool malignant breathes
Putrid contagion. The proud lake, that laves,
In fab'lous lore, Dorado's golden walls,
Sleeps stagnant; or, by Autumn's floods when swoln,
Breathes wider ruin; teeming monstrous births
And reptile tribes in myriads, without name,
Unclean and noisome. In the tainted breeze
Pale Death exults, and snuffs his prey afar!

Rejoice, ye beauteous Isles! whose happier shores
Nor foul infection blots, nor births obscene
Dare enter. Thee, Jamaica! chiefly thee,
Be grateful ever. Fragrant are thy woods,
Thy hills salubrious, and thy valleys gay.
Tho' fierce the sun that gilds thy sultry plains,
Shades unpolluted, sweetly murm'ring rills,
Are thine. From ev'ry hill exub'rant flows
The bubbling fountain, whence thy fainting sons
Drink life and joy. Now, while the dazzling heav'ns
Pour on my aching brows their fires intense,
Waft me, ye balmy salutary gales,

To the cool margent of Agualta's * flood,
Whose deep delicious shades the noontide beam
Knows not to pierce !—Where Leganez' blue hills
In formidable state aërial rise,
The parent god 'mid clouds and storms sublime
Holds his imperial throne ; there joyful sees
His tributary vapours round him spread,
And hears responsive to his deep-ton'd voice
The deeper thunder. From his secret urn
A thousand riv'lets stream :—soft warbling some;
Others precipitant, with louder tone,
Call the fix'd eye to where the vast cascade
Falls bright in awful beauty ; till the sire
His vagrant train unites, and to the vale
Pours fierce th' impetuous torrent. Gently now,
Pleas'd with the cool recess, the copious flood
Oft turns delighted, ling'ring as he rolls !

And ever gently roll, sweet stream ! as now,
Soft murm'ring : in thy crystal waters still
May langour solace, and Affection's sons
Drink sweet oblivion. Bathe your wearied limbs,
Ye Lybian maidens ! unreprov'd, unaw'd
(Nor sportive Smiles nor hov'ring Loves disdain
Your harmless revels). While the yielding wave
Some clasp with circling arm, and buoyant float
The profluent eddy ; others, bolder still,
Plunge in the blue profound, and pleas'd far off
Emerge exulting. In the jocund toil
They waste th' unconscious hours ; forgot awhile—
Could Slav'ry but forget—past cruel wrongs,
And dread of future woes. But soon (too soon!)
The sportive Smiles and hov'ring Loves are fled—
For now, the bank obtain'd (th' invidious term
Of sweet indulgence pass'd), afflictive thought,

---

* A river so called, in the mountains of Jamaica.

And aching memory and noxious dread,
Cloud each dejected brow. Soft Ebo * nymphs
Awake the plaintive lay; their own sad fate,
Torn from their native fields and sable loves,
Lamenting loud. The hard impending rocks
Their sighs re-echo, and Agualta flows
In deeper murmurs. Israel's daughters they
By Babylon's proud stream, in artless strains,
Bewail'd their captive doom, and Zion lost!

But, lo! triumphant, thro' the gates of Morn—
Nor with meek roseate smile and gentle step
Soft-stealing, but with ardent eye inflam'd—
Day's radiant god his burning axle drives;
And unrelenting, o'er the scorched plains,
Leads the hot Hours. Quick from his piercing gaze
Shrinks the young Twilight, and affrighted seeks
Th' embow'ring grove, and mountain's western shade.

'Tis langour all! wide o'er the sultry shore
The blazing torrent spreads: th' unruffled sea
Shines like fus'd silver; and the solar ray
Thence fierce reflected darts redoubled fire:
No kindly interposing cloud is seen;
No zephyr moves: the stagnant air o'erpow'rs
Life's functions; and chill Age and ardent Youth
Invoke with blended pray'r the ling'ring Breeze.

He comes! he comes! the silv'ry wave afar
The salutary pow'r proclaims: and now
His parent Sun he follows, and, elate,
Leads o'er the laughing land his sportive train.
O, blow, delightful gales! and on your wings
Sweet coolness bring! So, from thy airy bow'rs
Shall bloated Febris fly; th' Iberian vales

---

* The Ebo negroes are the gentlest and mildest of all the nations of Africa. They never rise into rebellion; but often sink under a sense of their condition, and destroy themselves.

Her fit abode, where Cuba's slothful sons,
In woods ne'er open'd to the cheering ray,
Their languid hours drag on; forbidding thee,
Kind breeze! to enter: thee, best friend to life!

Nature revives! the vivid ether flows
Pure, balmy, vig'rous, to the sinking soul
Breathing elysium. Meantime Ocean smiles,
And Day's fierce tyrant pours, or seems to pour,
A milder radiance and a soften'd beam.

Rejoicing in the gale, a lovelier green
Th' enliven'd cane-field wears, and gently waves
Luxuriant. To the unpolluted ear
How musical, amid the verdant ranks,
The breeze soft whisp'ring! Nor untuneful e'en
His mightier voice resounding, when the waves,
Driv'n by his breath, rage idly on the shore.

Yet days there are when unrelenting heat
Unconquer'd triumphs; when the healing breeze
Comes not, or struggling flags his weary wings
Oppress'd. 'Tis then your lone retreats, ye hills,
Once more I seek: your pure ethereal air
I drink, and live. Meantime the vary'd scene,
Awful and boundless, draws th' enchanted eye,
Till wonder ends, in rapt devotion lost!

Regions of ancient glory, boast no more
Your cloud-crown'd summits! Where is now thy pride,
Fam'd Appenine? Girt with a triple zone
(Themselves a world), to Chili's southern bounds
Stretch the vast Andes; with whose mighty crests
Compar'd, the Alpine heights abash'd sink down
Their heads, astonish'd; and old Etna shrouds
In smoke and murky flame his conscious shades.
Nor let presumptuous man, with bounded views,
Arraign the mighty Maker, and misdeem
Of Wisdom infinite, that vary'd thus.

The earth, and fix'd th' aspiring mound sublime.
O! rashly impious ye, who deem th' All-wise
Hath form'd aught erring—from the sov'reign Hand
Snatch the dread sceptre, and, far wiser ye,
Sweep from th' astonish'd earth the Nubian hills,
And Tibet's heights remote; or, bolder still,
Bid Chimborazo * sink; and, lo! (a name
Alone,) Nilus and Ganges shall be sought
In vain; and wondrous Amazon no more,
Monarch of floods, o'er leagues unnumber'd roll!

For, from the boundless deep, by the hot sun
Exhal'd, or on the wings of mighty winds
Upborne, aloft th' aërial waters float
Expansive; by th' attractive hills condens'd,
The congregated vapours pond'rous pour
Their liquid treasures, that would else perchance
Roam useless thro' the void, or haste uncheck'd
Back to their native sea, while the parch'd world
In unextinguishable thirst would burn.

E'en when relentless o'er th' Atlantic isles
Drought lifts his iron hand, (chief when the sun,
Turned towards the northern, gives to blow,
With strength redoubled, the diurnal breeze,
While far aloof the spiry clouds are driven,)
E'en then yon tow'ring hills rise not in vain;
For still, at Heav'n's command, the Deep unlocks
His unexhausted fountain, and his waves
Pour thro' the secret mazes of the earth.
In silent progress permeates and ascends
The finer fluid—from th' abhorr'd embrace
Dissolv'd of pungent brine—till from the peak
(That tow'rs with loftier brow, as wider spreads
The subject continent) impetuous gush
The defecated waters. To the vale

---

* The highest of the Andes.

Jocund they haste. The thirsty trav'ller hears,
Well pleas'd, their voice soft warbling. Earth, meantime,
In lovelier verdure blooms: the liquid train
Bid soft Fertility smile wide around,
And Spring awaits them; till the Deep recalls
His truant offspring, and th' eternal round
Again propitious speeds. So flows in man
The crimson fluid, from the heart propell'd,
Thro' cells uncounted to the heart again.

Now while pale Phosphor scarce his glimm'ring lamp
Withdraws, and ere the short-liv'd twilight flies,
Wide o'er th' irriguous valley deep below,
See the dense vapours (that in Day's proud reign
Inflated rise, and in the ambient air
Melt from th' imperfect sight), by Night's cold hand
Compress'd, still linger o'er their parent springs—
A wondrous scene to Fancy's plastic eye,
As if main Ocean from his mound had broke,
The world o'erwhelming! Nor reluctant I
Quit Sleep's soft empire, and, descending prone,
Yield my parch'd bosom to the chill embrace:
For, pleas'd, th' inspiring hour Hygeia crowns,
And renovated Nature glad resumes
Her vernal charms, and pours forth all her sweets.
'Mid the deep wilderness, where spicy groves
Spontaneous rise, what grateful incense fills
Th' attemper'd atmosphere! Pimenta's * shades,
Rich with oppressive bliss, the sense o'erpow'r;
And jasmin tendrils, with the cyprian leaf
(The consecrated myrtle) glad entwin'd,
Their milder balms diffuse. Nor, coy, denies

* Jamaica pepper, or allspice. The botanic name is "caryophyllus." Nothing can be more beautiful or delicious than a grove of these trees, which grow spontaneously, and in great abundance, in the parishes of St. Ann and Trelawny. It is peculiar to Jamaica.

A brighter Flora to the op'ning dawn
Her beauteous tribute. O'er the fragrant hedge,
Where the green lime her sweet refreshment breathes,
Pride of the morn, in radiant beauty blows
The crimson sena *. To the soften'd skies,
Meantime, the varying rose † (fair India's boast)
Spreads her chaste bosom, in the lily's hue
Array'd; till, by the garish day oppress'd,
Her flow'rets droop, and, deeply-blushing, veil
Our morning's wonder and our ev'ning's sigh ‡.

But transitory all! e'en while I gaze
The vision flies. Chang'd is the vernal scene,
The cool, the shady; nor the balmy tribes,
Nor Twilight's humid hand, can long thy rage
Omnipotent, solstitial heat, repel!
From the pierc'd vale th' incumbent vapours rise,
Into thin air diffus'd. The sultry blaze
Ascends all-conqu'ring, and the mountains burn!
Yet tho' the glorious god (emerging thus
In fierce effulgence) from the startled plains
Lifts the dense curtain, he unfolds to view
Far nobler scenes—thy triumph, Industry!
And see where, ocean-like, th' ambrosial cane,
O'er many an acre spreads, till Ocean's self

---

* The botanic name is "poinciana." It is commonly known by the name of Barbadoes' pride. Sir Hans Sloane calls it "sena spuria arborea spinosa," or bastard sena; and it has nearly the same virtues as the "Alexandrine sena," and resembles it in the pod. The flowers are transcendently beautiful, and make an elegant red sirup of a purgative quality, and the root affords a scarlet die.

† Commonly called the China rose; but improperly: it is the "hibiscus mutabilis," or changeable rose, of Linnæus. Early in the morning it is of a most perfect and beautiful white; about noon it assumes a rose-colour; and becomes of a deep red at night, when it contracts and dies.

‡ A line from Young's Night-Thoughts.

Bounds the rich level, and exulting bears
The golden produce on his burnish'd breast!
But thine the flowing charm, th' unbounded range;
Almighty Nature! thine the woodland reign!
E'en on the summit, by disparting clouds
Reveal'd, and cliffs sublime, the palm-tree * tow'rs;
And stems of wondrous growth, sons of the zone,
To whom e'en Britain's oak diminish'd bends,
Th' immortal mastic, mammee's † graceful shaft,
And far-fam'd Alcoyan ‡, spread deep around
Impenetrable umbrage. Ceiba § here
Extends his uncouth arms, and scatters wide
His silky down; yet yields yon mightier fig ||

* The species of palm here meant is the palmeto-royal of Barbadoes, which, as Mr. Long observes, is one of the most beautiful trees in the world. Ligon mentions some, at the first settlement of Barbadoes, above 200 feet in height; and Ray speaks of another, 270 feet; 100 feet is a very common height.

† Bastard mammee, called by the Spaniards Santa Maria.

‡ El Loavano.

§ The Spanish name of the wild cotton-tree; its botanical name is bombax.

|| This monarch of the woods, whose empire extends over Asia and Africa, as well as the tropical parts of America, is described by our divine Poet with great exactness:—

> The fig-tree (not that kind for fruit renown'd,
> But such as at this day to Indians known
> In Malabar and Decan) spreads her arms,
> Branching so broad and long, that in the ground
> The bearded twigs take root, and daughters grow
> Above the mother tree—a pillar'd shade,
> High over-arch'd, and echoing walks between!
>
> *Paradise Lost*, Book IX.

It is called in the East Indies the "banyan-tree." Mr. Marsden gives the following account of the dimensions of one, near Manjee, twenty miles west of Patna, in Bengal: diameter, 365 to 375 feet; circumference of the shadow at noon, 1,116 feet; circumference of the several stems, in number fifty or sixty, 981 feet.—His *Sumatra*, p. 131.

Pre-eminence. Meantime, Pomona show'rs—
Warm'd by the genial clime—uncourted gifts,
Her choicest treasures; avocado mourns
Her marrowy pear uncropp'd; and tam'rind sheds
Her racy pods, and mild banana droops,
Unnotic'd. These, and others numberless,
Mock the proud infidel, and loud proclaim
Almighty goodness! boundless love divine!

But now, rejoicing in his strength, the sun
Mounts his meridian throne, and the wide heav'ns
Blaze one vast field of undulating fire.
Ye eastern skies, bid all your breezes blow!—
Ye vapours, screen me from your piercing ray!—
I faint! I burn!—O, spread thy world of shade,
Majestic cedar! open all your springs,
Ye gelid fountains! bring your gifts, ye pow'rs
That o'er these gardens of the sun preside!
The gen'rous grape, the milky cocoa, bring;
Or bid the lemon and the pungent lime
Their cooling bev'rage pour: my fainting soul
Imbibes the melting pulp, and tastes of heaven!

Offspring of heat, and countless as the stars
That beam resplendent round the throne of Night,
Gay insect tribes, ten thousand beauteous dies
And orient colours waving, in the shine
Exulting sport. Their hum is harmony—
The voice, perchance, of gratitude to Heav'n!
How gently-soothing if the plaintive dove
Blend her mild melody! The gen'ral song
Lulls to soft slumber in the fev'rish hour.
Yet thin the plumy choir—for Nature, here
Content t' have lavish'd on the feather'd race
All Beauty's radiance, gives to other climes
The tribes melodious. Philomel * alone

* The mock-bird, or American nightingale.

(Not her the queen of European grove,
Yet no mean rival) from the tow'ring palm
Pours forth the note still varying. All the night,
E'en as the Philomel of British shades,
She sings rejoicing. But afflictive heat,
Intensely ardent, to earth's centre now
Hath pierc'd, and animated Nature all
Droops wearied; to the gloomiest covert haste
The plumy nations; one alone except,
The rav'ning gallinazo *. With keen eye
He dares th' unmitigated blaze, and tow'rs
Aloft; till, pois'd on even wing, he marks,
Far on the solitary shore remote,
Pregnant the cayman with maternal care
Delve deep the burning soil. Lo! this the hour
(The world reposing, as if midnight reign'd)
She from the brackish stream, which mangrove shades,
Creeps cautious; and, by wondrous instinct led,
To Earth's all-fost'ring bosom soft consigns
The vital shell. The gen'ral mother, pleas'd,
Receives th' incipient Nature—soon to wake
The latent life;—but see, descending prone,
Th' insatiate fowl th' incumbent glebe explores,
And springs remorseless on his embryo prey.

Exhausted thus, whilst Nature languid droops,
Me too, reclin'd amid the cocoa-grove,
Or where banana interwoven spreads
Her verdant canopy, let gentle Sleep
Envelop, till the sultry hours are past.
The sportive zephyrs, whisp'ring o'er my head,
Shall winnow with soft wing the peopled air,
And softly sooth my slumbers: undismay'd
I court th' oblivious pow'r. Ill-fated he,
The heedless wanderer on Asia's plains,

* The Turkey vulture, vulgarly called the carrion-crow.

Whom treach'rous Sleep o'ertakes. Him, from his lair,
Marks the fell panther. As aghast he wakes,
On his scar'd visage full her flaming eyes
Are fix'd; while from her hollow breast she heaves,
Horrid and dreadful, the fate-boding sigh!
Nail'd by the fascinating glare, his limbs
Forget their functions, and supine he dies!

Far happier we, who, fenc'd by Ocean, sleep
Secure in soft serenity, and wake,
As now, to gladness; for the heav'ns relent.
See, a mild temp'ring haze diffusive shades
The bright cerulean, as the radiant god
Impetuous hastens to th' Atlantic wave:
Yet, sinking, he dilates, and in his strength
Still glories. O'er the abdicated skies
Now gaily spread ten thousand golden forms
And gorgeous phantoms, empyrean flame
And worlds of fire. So momentary glares
Thy gilded reign, Ambition! and as night
Thus comes abrupt, Oblivion spreads her veil,
Shades thy proud triumphs, and shuts out the scene!

O! ye soft gales, who in the train of Night
Your downy pinions wave, who all the day
Repose amid the mountains' cool retreats,
Your course delay not! The diurnal breeze
Now slumbers on the tranquil wave exhaust.
Fan the still air, ye gales! with balmy breath
Inspire th' enliven'd functions! Now on high
Refulgent Venus and the starry train
Spangle the vivid hemisphere. Around,
Myriads of insect-meteors *, living lamps,

---

* These are the fire-flies, which abound in the interior parts of the country, and to a stranger have a wonderful and singular appearance. They consist of different species, some of which emit a light, resembling a spark of fire, from a globular prominence near

People the glitt'ring air! A fairy world
I tread—a land of genii! Airy shapes,
Oft visible to Contemplation's eye,
Roam in the midnight hour these sacred shades:
Nor unobserv'd while now the starry train
Burn with diminish'd lustre; for, behold,
The radiant Moon bids meaner glories fade;—
No cloud her course obscures, and high she tow'rs,
Guiding in awful majesty thro' heav'n
Her silver car, triumphant o'er the dark.

Sure 'tis illusion and enchantment all!
Yet still fond Fancy thro' the shadowy glade
Sees visionary fleeting forms; still hears
Sounds more than human. Once a gentle race
Own'd these fair valleys; from the birth of Time,
These groves, these fountains, and these hills, were theirs.
Perhaps e'en now their sp'rits delighted haunt
Their once-lov'd mansions. Oft the pensive Muse
Recalls, in tender thought, the mournful scene,
When the brave Incotel, from yonder rock,
His last sad blessing to a weeping train
Dying bequeath'd. "The hour (he said) arrives,
"By ancient sages to our sires foretold!
"Fierce from the deep, with Heav'n's own lightning arm'd,
"The pallid nation comes! blood marks their steps;
"Man's agonies their sport, and man their prey!

"What piercing shrieks still vibrate on the ear!
"Th' expiring mother lifts her feeble arm
"In vain to shield her infant; the hot steel

---

each eye; and others from their sides, in the act of respiration. They are far more luminous than the glow-worm, and fill the air on all sides, like so many living stars, to the astonishment and terror of a traveller unaccustomed to the country. In the day-time they disappear.

" Smokes with their mingled blood; and blooming
youth,
" And manly strength and virgin beauty, meet
" Alike th' untimely grave; till fell Revenge
" Is cloy'd and tir'd with slaughter. See, full-gorg'd,
" The vulture sickens o'er his waste of prey;
" And, surfeit-swell'd, the reeking hound expires!

" Yet pause not, Spaniard! whet thy blunted steel;
" Take thy full pastime in the field of blood!
" But know, stern tyrant! retribution's hour
" Ere long shall reach thee. Tho' his once-lov'd isle,
" For crimes yet unaton'd, dread Zemi thus
" To Desolation and to Death consigns,
" And thou the instrument of wrath divine;
" In yonder orb, now darken'd in his course,
" Read thy own doom, more dreadful! With the slain
" The murd'rer falls! th' oppressor and th' oppress'd
" Mingle in dust together! Where are now
" The blood-polluted glories? Ah! too late,
" Learn, when avenging Heav'n presumptuous guilt
" Gives to its own fell purposes a prey,
" More mark'd its fate,—more terrible its fall!

" So perish the false triumphs and vain hopes
" Of mad Ambition and remorseless Pride,
" That make weak man the murderer of man!
" O, my associates! dry those scalding tears!
" One little moment, and we shall arrive
" At those bless'd islands, where, from guilt refin'd
" By sharp affliction, we no more shall feel
" Death's torpid grasp and agonizing pang!
" There with our lov'd forefathers shall we rove
" Thro' palmy shades; in limpid fountains bathe;
" Repose in jasmin bow'rs at sultry noon;
" And, when cool ev'ning tempers soft the air,
" Unenvy'd gather, from his unprun'd bough,

" The fragrant guava. On our cheeks no more
" The burning tear shall linger; not a sigh
" Swell the light bosom; but immortal joy
" Fill ev'ry thought, and brighten ev'ry eye.
" Meantime, those happy interdicted shores
" Our blood-stain'd foes shall seek; but seek in vain.
" The hurricane shall rave, the thunder roll,
" And Ocean whelm them in his deepest tide,
" Or leave transfix'd on the hard pointed rock,
" The sport of howling winds. How shall we laugh
" When the pale coward slaves to us remote
" Direct th' uplifted hand, th' imploring eye!
" Their conscious groans shall feel one great revenge;
" But, ah! no woes can punish crimes like theirs."

STANZAS,

WRITTEN IN THE SUMMER OF 1808.

" Heureux qui, méprisant l'opinion commune
" Que notre vanité peut seule autoriser,
" Croit, comme moi, que c'est avoir fait sa fortune,
" Que d'avoir, comme moi, bien sçu la mépriser!"

FAR from the smoke-encompass'd town,
At ev'ning-tide I lay me down
On Wigmore's mould'ring tow'rs;
Or, stretch'd supinely in the vale,
The cooling breeze of health inhale,
Or fragrance from the flow'rs.

Sometimes in high fantastic mood
I roam the dark sequester'd wood,
Where Silence loves to dwell;
Where murmurs from the falling rill
The soul with nobler raptures fill,
To tune my simple shell.

Oft too, when glooms involve the skies,
When clouds in grand convulsion rise,
  Of black Herculean form,
I haste to some monastic height,
Where phantoms wheel the sullen flight,
  To view the winged storm.

But chiefly when the sprites of eve
In yonder spheres their garlands weave,
  And all the air is mute;
I love to sit with Thought sublime,
To view the mighty wrecks of Time,
  Or sound my plaintive lute.

But hark! from yonder ivy-tow'r,
Borne on the breeze, the length'ning hour
  Swings down the brooklet sheen!
And see! the glow-worm's paly lamp,
Amid yon cavern's sickly damp,
  Shines beauteously serene!

Beneath the hill's romantic fall,
Where grow the poplars green and tall,
  Resides the labouring hind;
Fast by his cottage, neatly low,
Where flow'rs in rich profusion glow,
  Two silver currents wind.

Tho' Learning never rear'd her seat
Amidst the charms of that retreat,
  Nor Fancy plum'd her wing:
Tho' Science never knew the haunt,
Nor Fashion there was seen to flaunt,
  Or poet heard to sing:

Yet still mine eyes, with rapture new,
Each simple feature love to view—
  The fragrant woodbine's shade,
The trees that wave their branches high,
The streams that gurgle softly by,
  And flow'rs in rich parade.

There man, of contemplative mind,
To all the cant of Learning blind,
  May view th' eternal source;
May trace the great Creator's pow'r
Impress'd on every op'ning flow'r
  That decks the streamlet's course.

He needs no self-important knave,
Adopting Newton's reasoning grave,
  To prove th' Almighty cause!
He sees the moon, the stars, the sun,
Each in its proper system run,
  And hence conviction draws.

Oh, Ign'rance! envious is thy lot,
Blest with a little lowly cot,
  Far from the sons of Care,
Where Flora decks the pregnant land,
With daisies pied or cowslips bland,
  Or lilies sweetly fair.

Oh! had it been my happier fate,
Far from the ostentatious great
  To spend my studious hours;
Blest with a spot of humble mien,
Adorn'd with mantling ivy green,
  And sweetly-scented flow'rs;

I might have charm'd the wood-nymphs wild,
Or drowsy Pan himself beguil'd,
  With *uncorrupted* shell;
And, scorning all the tricks of Art,
Have seiz'd what Nature's works impart,
  Where Nature's offspring dwell;—

Or stole, at Evening's holy tide,
Along the river's velvet side,
  From babbling knaves retir'd;
Have watch'd the distant vision play
Beneath the young moon's silver ray,
  With heav'nly themes inspir'd!

Yet mostly, Sorrow, would I rove,
Along with thee, yon devious grove,
When vulgar spirits sleep;
And o'er the dear delusive tomb,
Beneath the night's religious gloom,
My fav'rite vigil keep.

There Pensiveness, with drooping head,
Is seen at midnight-hour to tread
The long-remember'd walks;
And there, when Cynthia's modest beam
Illumes the dull unsocial stream,
Ophelia's spirit stalks!

Wrapp'd in a fringed winding-sheet,
Methinks I see her figure sweet
Glide past the cavern's gloom;
While troops of apparitions pale
Triumphant ride the noxious gale—
Associates of her tomb!

Oh, Genius! thy prophetic spell
Has led me o'er the flames of hell,
Where foaming sinners lie!
Has rais'd to heav'n my buoyant soul,
Where silver-crested planets roll,
And red-wing'd meteors fly!

Methinks, dear spirit! thou hast prest
Thy witch'ries on my youthful breast,
Each ling'ring hour to 'guile;
Ay! thou hast taught me oft to know
That pleasure may result from wo,
And torture from a smile.

For, when disturb'd with fest'ring grief,
I've found a world of sweet relief
In thine auspicious form;
Have rode with thee in fearful mood
Beyond the polar solitude,
Where howls the fitful storm!

And when, at Night's impressive noon,
I've wak'd to watch the tim'rous moon
Yon azure mountain climb;
Have heard thee chanting, void of care,
Full many a wild seraphic air,
On Snowdon's cliff sublime!

Pleas'd with the deep sonorous strain,
I've wander'd o'er the mould'ring fane
To spend the sacred hours;
Where ghosts, in milk-white garb array'd,
Across the sounding vaults parade,
Subservient to thy pow'rs.

I've seen thee wrapp'd in musings wild,
With Shakspeare, Nature's noblest child,
On Avon's flow'ry shore;
Have mark'd thee rush with Milton far
Beyond the sullen arctic star,
And Ocean's depths explore!

With Gray, o'er Cambrian mountains high,
I've seen thee headlong hurrying fly,
Loud shrieking desp'rate wo;
Have heard thee smite the vaulted Lyre
With fingers of ethereal fire,
To charm the Fates below!

When young-ey'd Mirth, with naked charms,
Entic'd me to her circling arms,
That bound me to her breast;
Ay! in the height of heav'nly bliss,
Delusion issued from her kiss,
By thee alone redress'd!

Thus, Genius! thy prolific pow'r
Can ease each solitary hour,
Or turn delight to pain;
Can bear me thro' the flaming skies,
Or bring before my ravish'd eyes
The reeking fields of slain!

Then, while the sweets of Summer last,
Untainted by the noxious blast
  Yon gath'ring clouds sustain,
At evening still thy scenes impart,
For much my wild enthusiast heart
  Thy visions entertain.

Soft! whatsoe'er thy hand unfold,
Let Virtue her dominion hold
  Thro' each revolving line;
Yet curb not Fancy in her flight,
But with her sacred pow'rs unite
  Thy attributes divine!

With such compeers, thou godlike pow'r,
Thou can'st amuse each dreary hour,
  And picture scenes anew,
Wake into life the mould'ring fire,
And with the loud immortal Lyre
  Hell's giant king subdue!

J. G.

THE NEWSPAPER; OR, LOVE AND LOYALTY.

Hard by the banks of Severn's tide
  Young Doran's flocks did stray:
Of sylvan youths he was the pride;
  Of flocks the fairest they.

Soon as the East began to glow
  With Phœbus' cheering dawn,
He to his fleecy care would go,
  And guide them o'er the lawn.

With tenderness he sought each lamb
  That from his flock might stray;
With kindly help the yeaning dam
  Was aided in her way.

None e'er with more attention try'd
From injury to keep,
Or knew with gentler hand to guide
The sick or wearied sheep.

Tho' he was form'd with manly grace,
Tho' Courage warm'd his heart,
He never thought 'twould yield disgrace
To take the feebler's part.

Oft was he seen upon the hill,
With lambkin in his breast;
Oft leading to the purling rill
The dam, with heat opprest.

But, when a ruffian-hand would dare
To tease his valu'd flock,
He flew to shield the much-lov'd care,
Tho' dreadful was the shock.

A prowling wolf the shepherd slew,
That on his lambkins prey'd;
And well each wily poacher knew
He never was dismay'd.

With faithful Cæsar by his side
He fearlessly would go
O'er hill or dale, thro' forest wide,
Nor ever fear'd a foe.

Beneath a yew's majestic shade
This youth was oft reclin'd;
There did he woo a lovely maid,—
A maid to love inclin'd.

Then would he smile, and pat the cheek
That on his shoulder lay;
And sigh, "Corinna! say, next week
"You'll name the happy day.

" Have you not vow'd, my charming fair,
" To bless my future life?
" Say when, my love (relieve my care),
" You'll be your Doran's wife.

" These flocks that o'er the meadows range
" Shall ev'ry want supply;
" This heart from thee can never change,—
" Oh! on my truth rely.

" Thy charms shall grace my humble cot;
" Oh! never will I roam
" If thou wilt deign to share my lot,
" And bless thy shepherd's home."

Not long did Doran vainly sue;
What maid could long withstand
A youth so brave, a love so true?
She blushing gave her hand.

" Accept this proffer'd pledge of love,"
Corinna softly sigh'd:—
" Henceforth, my Doran, will I prove
" Thy love is all my pride.

" Next Sunday morn I will be thine,
" You shall no longer stay;
" And Oh! may Heav'n upon us shine,
" And bless our wedding-day."

What joy the shepherd's bosom fir'd!
Love on his accents hung:
Love ev'ry look, each word, inspir'd,
That trembled on his tongue.

" Shall I possess those matchless charms?
" Oh! shall we never part?
" Let me enfold thee in my arms,"
" And clasp thee to my heart.

" There shalt thou ever mistress reign,
" Ne'er will thy Doran rove;
" But to Corinna true remain,
" Enraptur'd with her love."

The eve before the blissful morn
For which the shepherd sigh'd,
He flew to seek her on the lawn
Who was to be his bride.

As o'er the mead they slowly walk'd,
Love still the way beguil'd;
Of future joys they either talk'd,
And at the prospect smil'd.

" Hark!" cried the youth, " the village clock
" Proclaims the setting sun,
" That now retires beneath yon rock;
" His steady course has run:

" For full eight hours since, o'er mine head,
" In bright meridian day,
" His genial beams around were spread,
" His glories to display.

" Ere eight more pass, yon eastern hill
" Ting'd with his burnish'd gold,
" Will Doran's breast with rapture fill—
" Will the bless'd morn unfold."

Loud shouts were heard,—the village rang,—
" Huzza, my boys! to arms!
" We'll meet the French," each stripling sang—
" We'll brave the war's alarms.

" Ne'er shall a haughty despot reign
" O'er Britain's happy land;
" True to their King, her sons remain
" A hardy faithful band.

" Fly to the coast ! with speed repair !
" Napoleon's slaves are nigh !
" Soon shall he know free Britons dare
" To conquer him, or die.

" Doran, brave Doran !" cries each voice,
" Thy King demands thy aid :
" Now will thy gallant heart rejoice
" To prove 'tis not afraid

" The sword of Vengeance thou shalt wield,
" Where Honour points the way :
" For Freedom calls ! haste to the field,—
" Cowards alone delay."

Words faintly could express the grief
That rent each lover's breast;
Tears gave Corinna quick relief—
Doran was not so bless'd.

He, wildly gazing at the fair,
Sigh'd loud, " O must I go ?
" Must I the dreadful contest share,
" And face the vengeful foe ?"

" Take," said a youth, " and quick peruse
" This paper ;—'twill impart
" Thy country's danger, and the news
" Will rouse thy manly heart.

" Hear thy good King's, thy father's, call ;
" His words attentive hear:
" Rouse, Britons ! rouse to vengeance all !
" To whom Britannia's dear.

" Forth from the ports of hostile France
" Her tyrant and his hosts,
" With savage fronts, with speed advance,
" And threat your happy coasts.

" Husbands, to arms! a tyrant comes,
" Who no compassion knows;
" Who carries horrors to the homes
" Of friends as well as foes.

" Fathers! survey his motley bands,
" From ev'ry nation torn;
" The children of his conquer'd lands
" Now o'er the ocean borne.

" Ye sons! whose veins with vigour flow,
" Say, shall your parents bleed
" Beneath a foul assassin's blow,
" And ye behold the deed?

" Arm, youthful Britons! quickly fly:
" Begirt our rocky strand:
" There let the vile Napoleon die,
" And save your native land!

" Lovers! who sigh for Beauty's charms,
" Who feel Love's purest fire,
" Will ye behold in Frenchmen's arms,
" The victims of Desire,

" The tender frames of those you love?
" Never, by Heav'n! you swear:
" Haste, meet the foe; your passions prove;
" Protect and win the fair."

" No more," cried Doran, " read no more:
" Lead to the savage foe!
" Soon on Britannia's freeborn shore
" We'll lay the monster low.

" Corinna! for a time we part;
" My country I obey!
" Yet thou shalt cheer thy Doran's heart
" When far from thee away.

" If here ignobly I could wait,
" Or dread the cannon's roar,
" Thy love would justly turn to hate,
" And joy be felt no more.

" My King, my Country, and my Fair,
" Demand my youthful arm,
" The fiercest slaves of France to dare,
" Their power to disarm.

" But should kind Heav'n in pity guard
" Thy faithful shepherd's life,
" Soon will I come to seek reward,
" By making thee my wife!

" Dry up those tears; our God will shield
" The treasure of my heart,
" While I, amid the hostile field,
" Act but a Briton's part.

" Hope smiling says with laurels crown'd
" I shall return to you:
" Hark! hark! the trumpet's warlike sound!
" My love, my life, adieu!"

R. B.

DEATH, JUDGMENT, HEAVEN, AND HELL.

" I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God, and the books were opened."

THY terrors, Death! and wide-extended reign—
Thy gloomy mansions, and thy awful train—
The day of judgment, God's avenging might,
Heav'n's wondrous brightness, dazzling mortal sight,
And Hell's dark dungeons hid in tenfold night—
Begin, my Muse, in humble lines, to sing.
Oh! guide me by thy Spirit, glorious King,

Whose succour I implore: receive my pray'r,
And shield thy servant with almighty care.

Mourn, Adam's sons! the fatal sentence mourn;
"Sprung from the dust, to dust ye shall return."
Your days are few, your race is quickly run,
The shades of night soon shroud your setting sun;
Naked ye left your mother's fruitful womb,
And Death shall hide you naked in the tomb:
Wise men and fools, the coward and the brave,
The prince, the peasant, hero, captive slave,
Mingle together in one common grave.

Here wretches moulder, from *farm'd* workhouse fled,
Who robb'd the paupers of their daily bread;
And parish quacks, who, for a paltry fee,
The passport sign'd of dying Misery:
Churchwardens too, who left God's house a prey
To cank'ring time, to ruin and decay;
And schoolmasters, who hunt endowments fair,
Then leave their scholars to a hireling's care:
Too proud to teach Salvation's sacred rule,
They banish Bibles from a Christian school;
Instruct wild youth with Greek, rude clowns to please,
Nor copy Jesus Christ, but Socrates:
Their corses lay-impropriators lend
To *sap* a chancel which they ne'er would *mend*.
From taverns, theatres, and brothels, come
Thousands of thousands to untimely doom.

The servant hears no more his master's call;
The pris'ner freed escapes the dungeon-wall;
The wicked cease from troubling; peaceful rest,
With dove-like calm, broods o'er the weary breast.
The lofty palace and the frowning gate,
The pride of office and the pomp of state,
And all the pageantry of human show,
Are by the conqu'ring hand of Death laid low.

With note discordant in Affection's ear
Slow tolls the bell; the sable crowds appear!
Harshly the cords beneath the coffin grate,
And tearful eyes survey the sculptur'd plate,
Which tells the age and title of the dead,
Sunk in cold slumber in his narrow bed.
Let "earth to earth, ashes to ashes" turn,
And "dust to dust," till rise the judgment-morn!
Heavy as lead each mournful clod descends;
Yet grieve not without hope, surviving friends;
The dead in CHRIST shall burst the vanquish'd tomb,
And live in endless bliss within the world to come.

Our days are quickly gone; in haste they flee,
Swift as a well-trimm'd vessel ploughs the sea,
Swift as the whizzing arrow cuts its way,
Swift as the eagle pounces on its prey.

As the rude ploughshare crops the blooming flow'r,
So falls our house of clay, to rise on earth no more;
The fairest face, the eye divinely bright,
Are food for worms hid in sepulchral night.

Wealth, honour, glory, beauty, soon decay,
And nought abides when man is call'd away.
Of all the caskets which thy house contains,
Save one poor coffin, nothing now remains;
Tho' of thy splendid dresses lately proud,
They all are dwindled to one woollen shroud!
Where are our sires? Gone to their silent home;
And where the prophets? Hid within the tomb.
Our Saviour CHRIST himself resign'd his breath,
And paid man's forfeit by a painful death;
Rose the third day triumphaut o'er the grave,
And wav'd the banner'd cross, omnipotent to save!
Ascended glorious to his native skies,
To teach his follow'rs from this earth to rise,
And gain'd a heav'nly crown, their faith's immortal prize.

At the great dawning of the judgment-day,
When heav'n, and earth, and seas, shall melt away,
The King of Glory shall let loose his ire,
And the world perish in a flood of fire!
All Nature stands aghast; the mountains nod;
Each trembling heart prepares to meet its God!
The pomp and majesty of kingly pow'r
Are all extinguish'd in that fatal hour;
The rich men weep, the great their fall deplore,
And proudest conqu'rors now are proud no more.
Rumours of wars throughout the world shall rise;
The sea shall roar, and stars forsake the skies!
The Son of Man riding on clouds shall come,
And send a summons for the gen'ral doom;
The great Archangel shall his trumpet sound,
Louder and louder shall its voice rebound,
Till heav'n and earth shall echo all around.
The dead shall hear on that tremendous day
This awful call,—"To judgment come away!"
Men of all ages, and of ev'ry clime,
Since the sun measur'd first the course of Time,
All in one moment from their graves arise,
And open on the Judge their fearful eyes.

CHRIST sits upon his throne; majestic sight!
And calls the volume of our doom to light;
Rang'd on each side a diff'rent troop is seen,
A void impassable extends between.
On the right hand his saints elect are plac'd,
Cloth'd in white robes, their brows with chaplets grac'd.
"Come," cries their Lord, "ye blessed children come,
"And live for ever in your blissful home!
"Ye cloth'd the naked, and the hungry fed;
"Home to your board the weary pilgrim led:
"Lur'd by soft Charity's benignant call,
"Ye pour'd the healing balm within the dungeon-wall.

" Well have ye fought of faith a glorious fight,
" Rul'd by my Spirit, cover'd by my might;
" Your great Redeemer's sure protection prove,
" And reap your high reward—your Saviour's love."

The left-hand rank a diff'rent picture show—
Despair and terror, wretchedness and wo.
Sad signs of anguish in each face appear,
While dismal yells and howlings rend the air!
Hell yawns beneath! above, a thund'ring cloud
Of livid vengeance murmurs hoarse and loud.
Flashing confusion from his angry look,
Their sov'reign Judge in dreadful accents spoke:—
" Depart, ye cursed! into Hell's domains,
" For endless ages groan in galling chains,
" While flaming brimstone gnaws with never-dying pains;
" Still, as they waste, your burning limbs shall grow,
" And feel no intermission of their wo:
" The partners of your guilt your anguish share,
" And howl upbraidings in your frighted ear;
" Strange sights are seen, and hideous shrieks resound,
" And Hell's black fiends deal torture all around.
" Hence to your dungeons, wretches! hence depart!
" Wail, gnash your teeth, and bare your mangled heart;
" Feel now that pain your cruelty devis'd,
" And dread that vengeful God your furious pride " despis'd!"

Sentence pronounc'd, the demons seize their prey,
And drive the yelling ghastly crowd away:
Involv'd in sulph'rous smoke they foam along,
Sharp whips of scorpions urge the flying throng;
Hell opes her gaping jaws with tenfold ire,
And pours a fetid flood of dark red fire.
Back they recoil; but, driv'n by vengeful might,
Leap the wide yawning gulph, and sink to endless night!

There in deep dungeons feel outrageous wo,
Which spirits damn'd, and they alone, can know.

Here impious atheists (atheists now no more)
The fury of Omnipotence deplore,
Their harden'd necks and knees so stubborn bent,
And own God's justice in their punishment.
See midnight murd'rers, and the cunning thief,
The sturdy villain, and the cruel chief,
Who rul'd o'er empires with an iron rod,
While countless beings trembled at his nod.
Here too seducers throng, a num'rous crowd!
Scalded with molten gold, lank misers shriek aloud;
Hardhearted overseers bewail their fate,
Who starv'd the poor to save the parish-rate;
And pilf'ring tradesmen, with the measure scant,
Who liv'd by plunder from the mouth of Want.
The gamester, and the duellist so fell,
Here, side by side, in lowest darkness dwell,
Shake their strong chains, and utter dismal cries,
And load the tainted air with horrid blasphemies.
West-Indian planters feel the pangs they gave,
And dread in ev'ry fiend a tortur'd slave.
From France rebellious crowds the Furies bring,
For murder foul upon their harmless King;
France, that now groans beneath an alien son,
Who proves how nations soonest are undone.
Here ruthless heroes, who in blood delight,
Quaff cups of gore, and join th'incessant fight;
Their gaping wounds dire agony display,
And Hell's dark confines echo to the fray.
Here patriots false, who, lur'd by cursed gold,
Their country to the highest bidder sold,
With suicides in utter darkness dwell,
Companions of the vilest fiends in hell.

All these, and millions more, a countless crew,
Countless as drops in wide-expanded dew;

Or dancing motes in sunbeam's shifting ray;
Or tints of morning breaking into day;
Or waves in roaring Ocean's hollow bed,
When furious tempests rouse its hoary head;
Or grains of sand upon its shores that lie;
Or twinkling stars that grace the spangled sky:
Innum'rous, deathless multitudes were hurl'd
To torture and despair in that infernal world.

But haste, my Muse! fly, fly this cursed coast,
And join the triumph of the ransom'd host.
Apostles, prophets, martyrs, (splendid train!)
Now reap in glory what was sown in pain.
Unmov'd the cross and tort'ring stake they view'd;
The rack with mangled limbs and gore bedew'd;
The shining axe, the club, the pointed spear;
The tiger, fierce and fell; the shaggy bear;
The grating saw, crimson'd with Christian blood,
While from the victim flows the vital flood;
The rugged stones aim'd by the barb'rous hand;
The pitchy vest in which they burning stand
Whose melting bodies stain the furrow'd sand;
The loathsome vault, within whose hollow womb
Slow-wasting Famine finds a ghastly tomb;
Or chain'd (O horror!) on his fetid bed,
The living martyr clasps the fest'ring dead;
The boiling caldron and devouring fire,
These dreadful sights no fear of death inspire
Within their steadfast souls; in anthems loud
They spend their dying breath, nor heed the shouting crowd;
Victorious o'er the grave, and Death's fell sting,
With angel-wings they fly to meet their heav'nly King.

The humble Christian too, on earth unknown,
Takes his bright station near his Saviour's throne;
Breaks from the world away, and soars above
The grov'ling crowd, led by redeeming Love.

The pure in heart, the contrite pious soul,
Dwell in unclouded light beyond the starry pole:
To Faith, Hope, Charity, their lives were giv'n,
And now they reign with Christ for evermore in Heav'n.

With wondrous beauty cloth'd, in order bright,
With crowns of gold, and robes of dazzling white,
The saints of God appear. Raptur'd they rise,
And mount in splendour to their kindred skies,
With joy their Saviour and their God to see,
And live in light and love to all eternity.
No more shall death, or pain, or grief, annoy,
But each revolving hour awake increasing joy.
Seated on royal seats, the feast they join,
A banquet spread by Grace and Love divine;
With cherubim and seraphim unite
Around the throne of God's eternal light!

To silver harps symphonious hymns they sing,
Warbling the praises of th' almighty King,
Who gave his only Son for man to die,
And open by his death the portals of the sky,
To lead his followers to their blest abode,
The mercy-seat of Heav'n, the bosom of their God.

All praise to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
From man redeem'd, and from the heav'nly host.

SAMUEL ELSDALE.

MY COUNTRY-COTTAGE.

How delighted at eve, when my labours are o'er,
I hie to the cot in yon vale,
Where Affection e'er smilingly opens the door,
And sweet Innocence lisps the fond tale.

What raptures I feel when Corinna's mild eye
With affectionate joy hastes to meet me,
When my lov'd little boy and his mother still try
With fondness to welcome and greet me.

I envy no monarch, tho' ever so great,
When I press the sweet pair to my heart;
Ah! weak are the pleasures of grandeur and state,
To those their affections impart.

I come, my Corinna! my charmer, I fly;
Behold the lov'd cottage in view!
Behold too the window, where often I spy
The fair to her Edmund so true.

My wife is not there—oh! grant that no ill
Has befallen my soul's dearest joy;
See, see the sweet girl! toiling up the steep hill;
See my cherub! my darling! my boy!

Stay, stay sweetest love! the hard labour forbear;
Thy husband now flies to your arms;
Grant, Heaven! nought e'er from my bosom may tear
Her dear soul-inspiriting charms.

R. B.

ADDRESS TO FANCY.

O Fancy! while with thee we take our way,
And in thy bright meanders thoughtless stray,
Thy pow'rs can sooth the sorrows of each breast,
And for a time lull ev'ry care to rest;
Thy gay delusions can suspend our tears,
Raising the soul from its afflictive fears:
Give thee but way, and thou wouldst rule the soul,
Dispelling Reason from her just control;
Thou wouldst usurp the empire of the mind,
And by thy airy visions make us blind

To all the lessons by Experience taught,
Tho' earn'd by labour, or with hardships bought.
Vainly has Reason pow'r to guide the brain,
If we permit thee to dispute her reign;
For she no sooner doth with truth command,
But thou art ready with a busy hand,
Strewing the path with images so gay,
That, gazing there, we often miss our way,
And, wand'ring in the mazes thou hast shown,
Neglect the truths which Reason's law made known;
For when that tyrant, Love, has taught the heart
To own his pow'r, and anxious cares impart,
Then Reason is dethron'd, and Fancy reigns,
Author of fond delight and anxious pains:
Oh! then, without thy aid we could not live,
For thou sometimes a moment's joy canst give;
If Love propitious, and a mutual flame
Inspire each bosom, then their joy's the same,
For thy delusions flatter gay Desire,
And ev'ry tender hope of bliss inspire;
Then ev'ry minute some gay thoughts approve,
And all their business seems to rest on Love.
But, if one party only feels the flame,
One party only owns the lover's name:
Then anguish, sorrow, ev'ry tender care
That hovers round the brink of fond Despair,
Dwell in the heart, where tender passions rest,
And heave with anxious sighs the troubled breast;
Then will they watch the motion of the eye,
Live in a smile, or in a frown they'll die;
Then, Fancy, thou alone canst give relief—
Thy soft delusions sooth each tort'ring grief.

Dec. 13, 1809. AUGUSTA.

THE MORALIST.

VIEW ev'ry state, and is it not confest
The worst their pleasures have, and cares the best?
Then here's the point—in spite of hope and fear
Ourselves to know, nor verge beyond our sphere:
The rest, tho' bright, our pleasing views may mock,
And split our vessel on some pointed rock.

Yes, all who from a proper course would steer
Seldom or ever are of dangers clear;
Eccentric madmen, to extremes we run,
And wander in a sea we ought to shun;
A sea where passions roll their furious tide,
And Folly's bark is left without a guide.
Alas! in her what fost'ring hopes prevail,
Her breezes pleasures, and mad Pride her sail!
Two dangerous means, in giddy eddies hurl'd,
To brave the horrors of this boist'rous world.

Oh! would you gain of happiness the coast,
Not sunk in pleasures or by passions tost,
Firm be thy bark, nor wanton be the breeze,
And safe thy voyage o'er the worst of seas;
Reason its pilot, sure is thy defence,
Rigged out by Prudence, and well mann'd by Sense;
Secure in her our prospects are not vain,
Nor frowns Destruction on the stormy main;
Gently we sail, each distant clime explore,
Ensur'd to anchor on some happy shore.

Not quite so happy, murmurs Discontent,
Pining in sorrow when a blessing's meant:—
"The world's an ocean, troubles are its storms,
"A peevish temper Beauty's self deforms."
"Away, black fiend! start not thy sad alarms,
"The world's a garden, and all Nature charms:

" A garden, smiling with delicious fruits,
" Pleases each eye, and every palate suits;
" But, if so pleasing, think before you touch—
" If so delicious, you may take too much.
" Is it an ocean? Can you safely glide
" Without a pilot o'er its swelling tide?"

To ease our troubles, and our joys increase;
To quit the tempest for the calm of peace;
To clear the road, nor stumble in our way:
To live with comfort, and enjoy each day
With full good humour, rather gay than sad,
Not blindly timid, nor too rashly mad;
To feast on pleasure, nor the palate cloy;
To drown vexation in a flow of joy;
To gain these comforts, tho' the world may be
A syren mistress, or as rough a sea,
Or what the best each giddy thought may suit,
A garden smiling with delicious fruit,
A paradise, or less, or what you will,
Reason must guide us, or we wander still.

Not that by reason more or less is meant
Than simply this, it makes us more content:
Pleasures are pleasures, sorrows sorrows, still,
And what but physic is the gilded pill?
Yet this, could you the faculty endure,
Might ease thy illness, tho' it could not cure.

Maddens ambition? let thy reason sway;
The thirst of riches Reason can allay.
As fountain-water always suits our taste—
In winter tepid, and in summer chaste—
So Reason clear each passion can control,
And cool the highest fevers of the soul.

P. W.

BRITANNIA—A POEM,

In Commemoration of his most excellent Majesty King George the Third entering into the Fiftieth Year of his Reign.

BY JOHN KERR.

When fair Britannia from the azure main,
With tow'ring hills and many a verdant plain,
Graceful arose, each spot with plenty spread,
Above the world she rear'd her fruitful head:
A barb'rous people own'd the favour'd isle,
Freedom's bold sons, true offspring of the soil;
They to no despot's pow'r would homage pay,
But Nature's simple laws alone obey.
Proud of her sons, the natal goddess dar'd
All hostile arts, nor foreign insult fear'd.

But, ah! the bliss to earthly mortals given
By the all-pow'rful destiny of Heaven
Is small: for, lo! upon our fertile shores
His warlike hosts a foreign despot pours.
The Britons fell; or driv'n by sword and flame,
Or mix'd with Normans, scarce retain'd their name.
Whilst dire Oppression on her mountains reign'd,
Blood, rapine, lust, each lowly valley stain'd;
The barb'rous acts of curs'd tyrannic sway,
Of lawless might, and kingly perjury.
Beneath her ills the fallen fair did mourn
Her banish'd peace, her flow'ry myrtles torn,
Her gallant chiefs, for valour long renown'd,
Whose slaughter'd trunks distain'd their native ground.
Greatly distress'd, impatient of the day,
She to a murky forest bent her way;
There, like some ancient pile, great in decay,
Sunk in her woes the sacred matron lay.
And now the isle, a prey to wretched strife,
To cruel despots ow'd its servile life;

Rapacious they, a base degen'rate crowd,
In private feuds disgrac'd their kingly blood;
While varnish'd Vice and Vanity combin'd
To forge vile shackles for the freeborn mind.

Alas, fall'n goddess! surely woes like these
Serv'd to inflame instead of heal thy peace:
Deep in a grot, upon a rocky bed,
Frantic with grief she hung her wretched head,
When, lo! from Heav'n an aerial mandate came,
And thus address'd the much-afflicted dame:—
" Britannia, wake! thy dauntless arm oppose
" 'Gainst this vast deluge of thy country's foes!
" Involv'd in blood thy fav'rite island lies,
" Her loud complaints have reach'd the pitying skies:
" Straight to the helm of these domains I bring
" A sapient Ruler, an all-pow'rful King,
" Who soon thy tarnish'd honour shall restore,
" And chase domestic treason from thy shore!"

" Oh! tell me straight," th' exulting goddess cry'd,
" The favour'd mortal who shall thus preside?
" Tell me, oh! tell me the great patriot's name,
" Whose virtue shall restore my banish'd name?"

" Of Brunswick line, a race to Britons dear,
" His potent laws thy drooping head shall rear—
" Great George his name! most favour'd of the High!
" Who long shall reign, and bid all discord fly:
" August his person, and well-form'd his soul,
" True majesty and mercy deck the whole;
" Benevolence, that cheers the drooping heart,
" And from the wounded mind extracts the dart,
" With Charity, that soothes the plaintive cry
" Of pining Want, and wipes each tearful eye.

" His consort too, great Charlotte, long shall reign,
" And spread content o'er ev'ry hill and plain:

" The placid duties of domestic life,
" The tender mother, the endearing wife;
" In her each charm, each regal grace, combine,
" And godlike virtues eminently shine."

Thrice happy nation! sway'd by such a pair,
Whose sov'reigns thus are Heaven's peculiar care!
No more her sons shall dread the traitor's wile,
Nor civil war disturb the happy isle;
The trembling peasant, wild with dread affright.
Shrink from the war's rude shock, and ruthless fight,
Resign his riches to th' oppressor's hand,
And see another's sickle reap his land;
But lab'ring hinds, free from oppressive toil,
Turn the rich furrows of their native soil;
In freedom, peace, and plenty, waste the day,
And own th' indulgence of a righteous sway.

Britannia, brave, no longer now deplores
Her ruin'd villas and her desert shores;
Her cities round their ancient splendour gain,
Whilst golden harvests wave on ev'ry plain:
At home rever'd, abroad diffus'd by Fame,
Thro' every clime resounds the British name.

Then, Britons, hail the great, th' auspicious day,
That marks our gracious monarch's lengthen'd sway!
And oh! may Heaven in bounteous favour shed
Her rays of glory round his aged head!
Most Sov'reign, deign our humble voice to hear,
And grant a grateful people's willing pray'r.

And if sweet smiling Peace should yet awhile
Withhold her blessing from this favour'd isle—
If War must rage, and horrid dire alarms
Continue half the world perplex'd in arms—
Britannia still shall tow'ring raise her head,
Nor heartless mourn her ancient valour fled;
Nor Gallia's haughty sons of vict'ry boast,
Whilst George's wooden walls protect our coast.

ODE:

OCCASIONED BY READING THE LIFE AND REMAINS OF HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

" Come, Disappointment! come!
" Not in thy terrors clad;
" Come in thy meekest, saddest, guise;
" Thy chast'ning rod but terrifies
" The restless and the bad:
" But I recline
" Beneath thy shrine,
" And round my brow resign'd thy peaceful cypress twine!"

H. K. W.

YES, Henry! round thy brow
The cypress wreath was twin'd;
Thy cradle Disappointment sought,
Of deepest green her chaplet brought,
But flung the flow'rs behind!
As childhood grew,
The heav'nly dew
Gemm'd the dark sickly leaves, and mellow'd ev'ry hue.

Yes, Henry! round thy brow
The cypress wreath was twin'd;
But, ere thy youthful temples swell'd,
Ere yet the conscious weight impell'd
The warfare of the mind,
With partial love
Fair Science wove
Amid its leaves the pride of the Athenian grove.

Her brightest warmest rays
Delighted Genius shed;
And, while on Granta's banks thou stray'd,
The sacred beams collected play'd—
A *Halo* round thy head;

Such as of old,
With liquid gold,
Did on Ilyssus' banks the Grecian Bard infold.

Yes, Henry ! round thy brow
Was twin'd the cypress wreath;
But Fancy mark'd its sombre gloom,
'Mid the dark leaves her roses bloom,
And sweetest fragrance breathe.
Those leaves shall fade,
But undecay'd
Young Fancy's rose shall live, by native Taste display'd.

Oh ! say not Fancy fades
Where Disappointment treads;
'Tis when Affliction's sharpest dart
Has deeply pierc'd th' ingenuous heart
Her softest balm she sheds.
'Twas thine to know
This deadly foe,
And thine to feel the balm which Fancy's flow'rs bestow.

The joys, the cares, of life,
What are they to the mind?
Shall restless passions forge the chain?
Shall grov'lling thoughts of sordid gain
Th' immortal spirit bind?
Oh ! child of Heav'n,
To thee is giv'n
In Fancy's strain the spell by which those chains are riv'n.

But Fancy's strain will cease,
However sweet it flow;
Her highest flight, her boldest theme,
Is but a sweet delusive dream,
A respite from our wo!
Life's hopes and fears,
Its smiles and tears,
Again inthrall the mind, and load our riper years.

Then, child of Heav'n! be wise;
Tho' Fancy's pow'r may cease,
Tho' Genius cannot rend the chain,
Tho' Wit and Science strive in vain,
Religion whispers peace!
Her heav'nly voice
Controls thy choice;
She bids thy hopes aspire—she bids thy soul rejoice.

Religion's pow'r alone
Can rend those sordid ties;
Alone can free thy struggling soul,
Thy doubts dispel, thy fears control,
And lead thee to the skies!
From grief and care,
From Folly's snare,
She guards her sacred charge, and timely cries—Beware!

And, Henry! round thy brow
Her heav'nly wreath was twin'd;
The chaplet Disappointment gave
She buried in an early grave,
But left her flow'rs behind:
The cypress gloom
May shroud thy tomb,
But round thy brows her wreath of amaranth shall bloom.

C. S. D.

LINES

Occasioned by the Death of a Canary-Bird, which was presented to a young Lady, and which perished from neglect during her Absence.

PITY a poor neglected bird,
Whose water-fount has long been dry!
By none my chirps of wo are heard,
I'm doom'd of burning thirst to die.

Not three months old, just new to day,
Yet feel deep agony like this!
Such pangs as would by far outweigh
Whole centuries of mortal bliss.

Bread and water still are given
The foulest wretch that earth contains;
Give then, as ye hope for Heaven,
One drop to cool my glowing veins.

Dear Mary! haste, or I shall die;
Long, ah! long, I've look'd for thee:
Alas! in vain; no friend draws nigh,
No human being pities me.

Thy menial's heart of stone is made;
She knows my wants, yet will not save!
Yet she, ere long, may cry for aid,
And feel the cruel pangs she gave.

Break, break these bars, that I may gain
Relief, or everlasting rest!
Let me but catch one drop of rain
To cool my dry and burning breast!

In vain my struggles, vain my moan,
The light fades from my sunken eye!
My shrivell'd limbs are pow'rless grown;
I'll lay me down, and calmly die.

That voice again floats on the air;
Yes, kind Eliza comes for me:
But, ah! too late's her tender care,
Another morn I ne'er shall see.

She weeps to view my drooping wings,
My spark of life expiring fast;
In haste the cooling draught she brings,
But Mercy's healing hour is past.

I die—adieu!—you've done your best,
Let that reflection sooth your woes;
And may Life's fleeting hours be blest,
And Virtue crown your last repose.—

No further could the Muse translate
The secret workings of its mind;
It bow'd its little head to Fate,
And sought a refuge from mankind.

J. S.

THE PLEASURES OF SOLITUDE.—A POEM.

When the great fiat first was issued out,
And man created from a mass chaotic,
By that Almighty hand who merely said
"Light let there be," and light that instant shone,
He lived an unlov'd solitary thing:
But when that Pow'r divine, which gave him breath,
A consort form'd, and planted by his side,
The joy of sociality began.
But, reader, tremble at the dire event!
And contemplate, alas! the sad result—
The fall, which Milton beautifully sang
In numbers soft, engaging and sublime.

Thus, then, my pen, endeavour to portray,
With unaffected warmth and zeal sincere,
The charms of Solitude.

At summer eve, when Sol, who all the day
In cloudless skies with radiance bright had shone,
Was reaching fast his western destiny,
I oft, in contemplation deep, have roam'd—
Sought some sequester'd shade, some fav'rite bank,
And there, in solitude, with real delight
Have watch'd him till he sank.
Nor would I leave this charming quiet scene

Till the nocturnal shades began to close
Upon my ravish'd sight. Then would I rise,
Leaving my mossy seat with pensive steps,
And homeward bend my solitary way;
And to this undisturb'd resort again
At break of day I'd joyfully repair,
And see the customary toil began
Of daily occupation; ere employ'd
Commercially in lucrative pursuits,
I'd oft beguile a silent hour with thee,
Primeval Solitude! for thou art still
Unchangeably the same.

Can there exist on Terra's vast domain
"One dismal, dark, idolater of Chance"—
One who unmov'd, with unenraptur'd mind,
Such scenes, such lovely scenes, as these can view—
When ev'ry shrub and ev'ry dewy pearl
Teems, as it were, with life and animation;
When Nature, clad in most superb attire,
To secret adoration lulls the mind.
Can such an infidel, I say, declare
These works of wisdom makerless remain?
O dark delusion! horrid defamation!
Two-fold depravity!—May such as these
Oft seek retirement, and in solitude
Reflect and be convinc'd their creed's fallacious;
Then mark attentively the wondrous works
And ways of Him they own not: surely then
That veil of darkness which expels the rays
Of spiritual light would be remov'd,
And to conviction bow; thus then expands
His humble soul in secret gratitude
To Him who gave it all: and, as he acts
In due submission to his holy will,
And faithfully performs his high behest
Will, thro' the mercy of redeeming love,
Secure him from destruction.

But not to rural scenes,
To sylvan bow'rs or shady cool retreats,
Where on some hawthorn-top harmoniously
Sweet Philomela chants her ev'ning lay
In melody sublime, are all thy charms,
O Solitude! confin'd. At midnight hour,
When all enjoy tranquillity serene,
Oft would I gladly 'scape the drowsy god,
And shun his poppy wreath. When all is still,
And Silence, solemn Silence, reigns around,
Save the soft rustling of some poplars tall,
Contending with the breeze, I love to turn
My soaring thoughts to subjects far remote—
To much-lov'd friends and relatives so dear,
From whom, though far away, kind Fancy brings
Her golden train of genial recollections;
Veil'd in soft visions of serene delight,
And fost'ring ideas ne'er to be fulfilled,
From dreams awake to dream asleep at last
Insensibly would fall, and close
The meditative scene.

Come, lovely Solitude! for thou art mine:
I love thee; and I love, when all is still,
Thy charms to contemplate, thy praise to sing—
To feel how man thy pruning influ'nce needs,
To rob his passions of their headstrong force—
To curb his inclinations—and confine
Within its proper bounds his vicious will;
A will, which, by thy pow'r, if uncontrolled,
Itself to see, its rashness to perceive,
Reflection knows not, and subjection scorns.
Oh! how much more commendable to tread
The flow'ry paths of Science fair; to cull
A crown of laurels from Parnassian heights,

And eagerly imbibe the limpid streams
That Helicon affords; the fertile mind
With knowledge pure and choicest arts to store;
Than all the morn and sunshine of our days
In Dissipation's train to pass away: and thus,
'Midst all the bustle of the busy world,
To kill our precious time, and quite destroy
The heav'nly prospect of our future bliss.

Behold the citizen,
Immur'd in wealth, whose life a shocking scene
Of rioting displays. One single hour
Of solitude to him would far exceed,
In real utility, whole weeks beside,
If idly spent in Dissipation's train
Of sensual pleasures eagerly pursu'd,
Or bacchanalian joys, whose seeming charms
Are but of short duration, leaving then
The hapless vot'ry plung'd in deep distress,
And whose polluted breast a victim falls
To all the lashes of severe remorse.

Not so the man, who, mindful of his end,
Stands well prepar'd to meet the awful stroke
Of grisly Death, and leaves this idle world
(Conscious of having clos'd a well-spent life)
With all the calmness of a mind at ease,
Waiting the passport to those realms of bliss
Where one eternal spring encircles all.
But still this sweet serenity, this peace,
Is not an earthly gift; then whence obtain'd?

Go seek retirement; and, when thus engag'd,
Reflect and meditate upon the past;
Strive, if you can, the future to improve;
Be e'er attentive to that still small voice,
Which in the secret of the soul exhorts,

Advises, and forewarns; points what to do,
And what to leave undone: thus, reader,
Wilt thou lead a happy life, and thus enjoy
That calm serenity and heartfelt peace
Of which the good man boasts; and thus wilt find
That Solitude has charms.

Brighton. CLIO.

SONNET TO S. M. W****G,

Occasioned by the Perusal of some of his Productions in "The Poetical Magazine."

GENIUS of Gray! to touch th' harmonious lyre,
Thou favour'd vot'ry at the Muses' shrine;
To chant his numbers, and his verse inspire,
To tread his path with energy divine,
So haply skill'd; and happier yet thy lays,
Pure, unaffected, copious, and free;
My honest Muse her humble tribute pays—
"A tear to Albion," and a smile to thee.
Fain would she bear thee to the banks of Fame,
Transport thee to the Heliconian shore;
With draughts reviving, from the limpid stream,
Would fain refresh thee, and thy fate implore;
But this deny'd, so weak her feeble pow'rs,
She loves to sing thy praise—to strew thy path with flow'rs.

Brighton. CLIO.

TO A WRITER,

WHO SCORNED TO BE COMPREHENDED BY THE MULTITUDE.

I HAVE heard you declare, with a dignified look,
For the learned alone you have written this book;
Now, if such be the case, I request you to tell
What demands have been made, and how many you sell?

TO SPRING.—A SONNET.

O COME, sweet Spring! and, in thy jocund train
Lead forth the Graces of the sylvan shade;
Whilst flow'rs of fragrance clothe the smiling plain,
And blooming verdure decks the wat'ry glade.

No more let Winter bear his rigid sway,
Nor chilling blasts nor frozen lakes abound,
But let Sol's milder renovating ray
Enliven Nature and the fertile ground.

Thrice welcome, Spring! fair goddess of the sky!
Thou nurse primeval of the rising year!
Thy genial beauties charm the wand'rer's eye,
While warbling birds delight the list'ning ear:
Their notes melodious make yon alcoves ring,
And Nature's smiles salute the new-born Spring.

Ipswich, March 21, 1810. J. L.

TO HOPE.

WHEN gloomy cares assail'd my aching mind,
And Sorrow took her lonely mansion there,
Yet still I could a secret something find,
That cheer'd my heart, and chas'd away despair.
But, ah! I will not nurse that in my breast,
Nor feed myself upon the pleasing fare;
Too oft the serpent cherish'd from the nest
Will bite his own preserver for his care.
Then farewell, Hope! for thou hast been to me
But false, deceiving as the syren's lay;
Go to the prison, set the captive free,
Or raise the sick man to a brighter day:
But you and I for ever now must part;
Let others share thy sweets—I'm doom'd to bear thy smart.

E. P.

THE DREAM.

LOUDLY roar'd the furious gale
Along the gloom-surrounded vale;
Dark spirits moan'd on every side,
And blood was mix'd with Avon's tide.

Beneath the lightning's sulph'rous beam
I saw Cecilia's spirit gleam;
While, from its breast of spotless snow,
I view'd the crimson torrent flow.

Amidst the black tormented air
Were heard the groans of wild Despair;
The sickly stars confounded fled,
And ghosts were seen the waves to tread.

" Oh, Henry! base unfeeling youth,
" Whose words I fondly took for truth,
" Arouse thee from thy harden'd sleep,
" And o'er Cecilia's relics weep."

Affrighted with the charge I fled,
The spirits wheeling round my head!
And, as beside the wood I past,
Loud shrieks of " Murder" fill'd the blast!

Still hurrying over bog and mire,
And still pursu'd by visions dire,
The pitying Moon diffus'd her beam
To light me o'er the roaring stream.

Here spectres seiz'd me by the hair,
Who bore me thro' the lurid air—
Convey'd me to the churchyard's gloom,
And laid me prostrate in a tomb!

Within its pois'nous jaws inthrall'd,
Ten thousand worms around me crawl'd!
When forc'd with agony to scream,
I woke, and, lo! 'twas all a dream!

Grafton-street, 1810. J. G.

STANZAS,

MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MR. PRATT.

SWEET flow'r! that deck'st the river's brink,
Bending to ev'ry boist'rous gale,
Array'd in Summer's lovely pink,
From whom the bees existence drink,
As on thy bosom they regale;—

Why dost thou here in silence dwell,
Secluded from the garden-flow'rs?
Why leave the tribes of yonder dell,
Whose glaring tints profusely swell,
And spend alone the ling'ring hours?

When storms deface the laughing sky,
And thunders shake the vaulted air—
When lightnings thro' the welkin fly,
No friend, my charming flow'r! is nigh,
Thy matchless properties to spare.

Then vain indeed thy graceful mien,
And all thy attributes, will prove;
In vain shall Sorrow intervene,
Thy charms, so modestly serene,
To shelter from the storms above.

Then tell me, flow'r! why thus alone
Thou lov'st in solitude to shroud?
Does Malice on thy features frown,
Because they're chaster than her own,
Or dost thou hate the crowd?

"Alas! my friend! this lonely spot
"Has long my fav'rite station been;
"Here, to the garden-tribe forgot,
"Their joys incestuously hot,
"I breathe the air of health serene!

" Besides, the splendour of their dress
" Outshines too much my languid hue;
" Nor will the moans of weak Distress
" Excite from them one fond caress,
" Howe'er, my friend, they may from you."

Then since 'tis thus, my sweetest flow'r!
Come, let me bear thee far away,
Where neither haughty Pride nor Pow'r
Can on thy matchless beauties low'r,
Or spurn thy indigent array.

Thus Genius, bless'd with ev'ry grace
To triumph o'er the human heart,
Withdraws to some sequester'd place,
The mighty works of Time to trace,
Unknown to all the schemes of Art.

Thus Pratt, with kind parental care,
Smiles on the pure poetic flow'r *;
Retrieves it from the desert bare,
To thrive in more salubrious air,
And flourish with the circling hour!

Grafton-street, 1810. J. G.

ON THE DEATH OF A VERY YOUNG LADY.

BY BRYAN EDWARDS.

Scarce had the tender hand of Time
Maria's bloom brought forth;
Nor yet advanc'd to Beauty's prime,
Tho' ripe in Beauty's worth;

When Fate untimely seal'd her doom,
And shew'd, in one short hour,
A lovely sky, an envious gloom,
A sun-beam and a show'r!

* Joseph Blacket, author of a most beautiful Ode, entitled "The Times."

FABLE, FROM ÆSOP.

BY THE SAME.

BENEATH his burden bending down,
A poor old man was heard to groan,
And call on Death, with fervent pray'r,
To close his eyes—sad end of care!
Death came; for Death impartial waits
At lowly roofs and princely gates.
"Friend, did you call?" the phantom said.—
Astonish'd at the ghastly shade,
The trembling wretch, with haggard eyes
And falt'ring accent, quick replies—
"Sir, please your honour, be so good
"To help me lift my load of wood."

ON SEEING A WITHER'D OAK CUT DOWN.

THE stately oak long bears the blast;
But, with'ring, yields to fate at last:
His spreading branches Time will fade,
And leafless boughs refuse a shade:
The woodman lifts the axe on high,
Dooming the noble tree shall die;
Relentless strikes the root around,
Bowing its grandeur to the ground.
Thus man, high-tow'ring in his pride,
By self-importance deified,
Reaches the summit of his fate,
Nor recollects, till oft too late,
That Time and Death, who govern all,
Will some day give a sudden call,
Bearing him low, their pow'r to prove,
As lies this tenant of the grove.

AUGUSTA.

THE NEGRO SLAVE.

SEE'ST thou that picture of heart-rending wo,
From whom no sighs escape, no tear-drops flow?
From wife and children, freedom, country, torn,—
'Tis Afric's son! abandon'd and forlorn—
A prey to sorrow, slavery, and scorn.
O, worse than death! ruffians his body tear,
Expos'd, all mangled, to the scorching air;
With blows and curses driv'n aboard, to try
The horrors of the sea, and face an unknown sky;
Crowded with hundreds in a narrow keel,
Fierce thirst and rav'nous hunger doom'd to feel.
Behold him sick and fev'rish, void of rest,
Despair and vengeance struggling in his breast.
Once on his native soil how light his heart,
Now heavy as the chains that gall in ev'ry part;
The dead and dying fill his soul with fright,
Whilst Nature shudders at the horrid sight.
Unheard their groans, unseen their sorrows flow,—
Dealers in human flesh ne'er melt at human wo.

O, cursed lust of gain! unchristian trade!
Which man to man a savage brute has made.
The beasts with eager haste the life-blood spill;
But men, more cruel, torture ere they kill:
For is it not foul murder to detain
A free-born soul in Slav'ry's galling chain,
Till Nature sink to an untimely grave,
Entomb'd, whilst warm, in monsters of the wave?
What Christian hearts but shudder as they read,
How, sometimes goaded by remorseless Need,
Provisions running short, no succour nigh,
The crew resolve that wretched slaves shall die!
See yelling negroes, fasten'd side by side,
Bury'd alive beneath the whelming tide.

A cargo of two hundred murder'd slaves
Was once plung'd headlong in the closing waves!

Escap'd these horrors, this vile passage o'er,
Behold him, landed on Jamaica's shore,
With fix'd despair and grievous sorrow mute,
Endure the gaze of some inhuman brute!
Each spot and blemish scann'd with prying eyes,
To drive a bargain, win a cheaper prize.
Ended the sale, he goes, with mournful pace,
To share the evils of his injur'd race;
At dawn of day to raise his heavy head,
When sounds the lash, and leave his joyless bed;
The tedious day the burning sun to bear,
The bloody thong, the horrid curse to hear,
And see on ev'ry side the looks of fell Despair;
Th' allotted grass to gather, blade by blade;
To feed the mill, whence springs the sugar-trade,—
The mill, which day and night unceasing goes,
Sad scene of human toil, of human woes;
On aching head to bear a pond'rous load
Of rank manure, urg'd by the frequent goad;
Tortur'd by villains long inur'd to blood,
To glut a savage, please a merry, mood;
Bereft of needful food, of needful sleep,
Whilst his parch'd eyeballs long'd, but could not weep;
To madness by his wrongs and insults driv'n,
He rais'd his wild and haggard eyes to Heav'n;
Call'd down deep vengeance on that barb'rous shore,
Whose bosom millions had defil'd with gore;
With desp'rate rage then sought the dizzy height,
Plung'd fearless in the deep, and sunk in Death's long night.

SAMUEL ELSDALE.

PROLOGUE TO VENICE PRESERV'D,

Spoken at the Representation of that Tragedy, by some Gentlemen, Friends of the Author, in Jamaica, 1763.

BY BRYAN EDWARDS.

THRO' many an age the virtuous and the wise
Have view'd the tragic scene with fav'ring eyes.
The first in valour, as the first in wit,
See learned Greece with pleas'd attention sit;
Nor deem it mean the gen'rous tear should flow,
Or Virtue swell with sympathetic wo.
Near free-born Athens first this laurel rose;
Thence, tyrant-driv'n, the British soil it chose:
Where Freedom blooms, where Peace and Favour smile,
It dreads no climate, and it scorns no soil;
The sacred plant, inform'd with strength divine,
Springs near the pole, or spreads beneath the line.

That peace, that freedom, here we gladly know,
Do you that favour, all we ask, bestow;
Nor slight those arts, thro' many an age approv'd,
By Wisdom favour'd, as by Genius lov'd;
Those gen'rous arts, that only know to rise
Beneath the blessings Britons only prize.

To speak with force, with dignity to move,
Mean Vice to scorn and manly Worth t'approve,
Be these the stage's glories; where we find
The noblest name that now adorns mankind,
For ends like these, once, ere he grac'd his throne,
Tread the chaste scene of virtuous Addison.

From Otway's glowing page to-night we try
To raise the tear of soft Humanity;
His magic numbers all our pow'rs control,—
To pity melt, with terror shake, the soul,

If gloomy *Pierre*, irregularly great,
Vent his bold threats, we tremble for the state:
When gentler *Jaffier* late is faithful found,
We feel the stab as Friendship gives the wound;
But *Belvidera*, torn with frantic pain,
Strikes thro' the soul, and fires the madd'ning brain.

To make each heart the tender pow'r confess,
And melt for Love and Virtue in distress,
Is our endeavour—no inglorious aim,
And something more than bare excuse—my claim.

SONNET,

ON SEEING A VILLAGE CHURCHYARD LEVELLED, AND THE GREENSWARD TAKEN OFF.

Once 'twas not so,—for, on each grassy mound
That simply mark'd the poor man's lowly bed,
Where from the world he rests his peaceful head,
The daisy bloom'd, and the pale vi'let found
A place to rear its tender drooping flow'r.
Here at the close of Evening's tranquil hour
Sons did their fathers' memory revere;
And, when the moon the mountains top o'ershone,
Some village-maid would wander here alone,
O'er Henry's grave to shed the silent tear.
But, ah! has man, by Folly vainly led,
Destroy'd these little greenlets of the dead?
The mould'ring turf alone enshrouds their dust,
Till summon'd by some angel of the Just!

TO ENGLAND.

"Ama patriam et tuam regem."

HAIL, lovely spot! thou bless'd and happy isle,
Where Freedom dwells, where Health and Beauty smile!
Thy chalky cliffs withstand the swelling tide
On which thy gallant fleets superbly ride;
While tow'ring thro' the sea thy foes disarm,
And shield thy natives from impending harm.
Hail, Britain's Monarch! George, thou best of Kings!
Thy glorious name thro' every nation rings!
Long hast thou worn, with honour, England's crown,
And well thy love for mercy claims renown:—
Long mayst thou reign is still our wish and pray'r,
And shouts, "Long live our King!" shall rend the air.
When to the verge of life thou'rt drawing near,
Thy sterling goodness claims Affection's tear.
When Death at thee shall aim his poignant dart,
And with terrific force shall strike thy heart,
O! may that God, who dwells in realms above,
Look down upon thee with celestial love!
Thou wilt indeed magnificently shine,
Blest with a heav'nly crown, and grace divine!

W. B. BRANSBY.

EPITAPH ON GENERAL MONTGOMERY—1767.
BY BRYAN EDWARDS.

MONTGOMERY falls! let no fond breast repine
That Hampden's glorious death, brave chief! was thine.
With his shall Freedom consecrate thy name,
Shall date her rising glories from thy fame,
Shall build her throne of empire on thy grave;
What nobler fate can patriot Virtue crave?

THE OLD HOUND.

THE huntsman hails the cheerful morn,
His old and fav'rite hound replies;
The hills re-echo to the horn,
The waken'd stag affrighted flies.
The hounds in joyous course pursue,
Loud music pour the op'ning throng;
And, first among the eager crew,
Old Ringwood gave the tuneful song.

An useful servant in his youth,
He oft secur'd the trembling prey;
Time now had worn each feeble tooth,—
Alas! what will not time decay?

Elate with pride he takes the lead,
His wonted ardour he retains;
Darts forward with superior speed,
And on the trembling victim gains.
He seizes; but (by age subdu'd)
Too feebly gripes the panting prize,
Who, struggling, springs with strength renew'd,
And to the friendly covert hies.

Now anger fills the huntsman's breast,
Who oft the smarting lash renews;
While humbly thus (with pain opprest)
The poor old hound for pity sues:—

"Ah, sir! your faithful servant spare,
"Nor chide me for my teeth's decay;
"You've had my strength's full wear and tear,
"And ev'ry dog, sir, has his day,

"My day is o'er; I'm old and weak;
"But, master, 'twas not always so:
"My former deeds let Mem'ry speak,
"You surely then will mercy shew.

" In early life I ne'er was found
" To lag, unwilling for the chase;
" Ah! pity then your poor old hound;
" For, sure, misfortune's no disgrace.

" Ah, gentle master! hold your hand,
" Admit my claim, abate your rage;
" My faithful services demand
" Compassion on infirm old age.

" Sweet master! 'tis the voice of Truth,
" When thus your children you advise;
" Reward in age a well-spent youth,
" A faithful servant ne'er despise."

M. K.

STANZAS—TO HOPE.

Say, pleasing source of calm delight!
When thus oppress'd with gloomy fears,
Why do I see thee start with fright,
Elude my grasp, and mock my tears?
The sting of Sorrow to beguile,
Thou, dearest Hope! wast kindly giv'n,
Then let me share thy winning smile,
And hail thee as the boon of Heav'n.

Depriv'd of thee, bewitching pow'r!
What refuge could we find below,
To shield us in Affection's hour,
And lull the bitter pangs of wo?
Unhappy man would rove forlorn,
A prey to life-consuming anguish;
And, rent with many a cank'ring thorn,
For ever sadden, pine, and languish!

But, oh! when airy visions fly,
And leave the heart oppress'd with care,
'Tis thine to check the bursting sigh,
And smooth the horrors of despair.

When anxious thoughts invade the mind,
'Tis thine, sweet source of endless treasure!
To cheer the soul with solace kind,
And whisper soft the tale of pleasure.

When doom'd by Fate's severe decree,
And frowning Mercy scorns to save,
The hapless felon clings to thee,
And bears thee with him to the grave.
To thee, when seeking distant skies,
And toss'd upon the foaming billow,
The exil'd wretch imploring flies,
And makes thy soothing arms his pillow.

In those deep cells and caverns dread,
Where never beam'd the light of day;
Where, stretch'd upon his rugged bed,
The fetter'd captive pines away;
Amidst those walls, so dark and drear,
Thy dulcet voice and fond caresses
Oft kindly stay the falling tear,
And down the pallid cheek it presses.

Yes, pleasing Hope! in many a scene
Where gloomy Terror bears control,
We find thee smiling still serene,
And pouring comfort on the soul.
If cheated man repines to-day,
And bows his head in anxious sorrow,
With accents mild and features gay
We see thee pointing at to-morrow!

Ah! then return, bewitching pow'r!
And never more this breast depart,
But gently, to my dying hour,
Sooth ev'ry pang that rends my heart:
And when pale Sickness stops my breath,
When chilling Fate my eyelid closes,
Oh! cheer me on the bed of Death,
And scatter round thy sweetest roses!

W. C**E.

EPISODE OF NISUS AND EURYALUS.

Virgil, Æneid 9th, Line 176.

ARGUMENT.

Æneas, after the destruction of Troy, landed in Italy, and went to King Evander to solicit assistance against the Rutuli, who he understood intended to dispute his progress. In the mean time the Rutuli, with their king, Turnus, surrounded the camp with an intent to besiege it, in which Æneas had left his son Ascanius and the remainder of his forces. In this critical situation of their affairs, Nisus and Euryalus volunteered their services to fetch Æneas from Palanteum, but in the execution of their project were slain by a party of the enemy.

Nisus, the son of Hyrtacus, stood guard
Beside the gate;—a man renown'd in arms,
Sent by his mother Ida to attend
The great Æneas to the war; well skill'd
To hurl the jav'lin, and direct the dart:
And near him was his friend Euryalus,
Than whom among the Trojan youth more fair
None e'er appear'd, in martial armour clad;
And now he shone in the first down of youth.
One love united these two noble friends;
Their hearts were one; together to the war,
Brothers in arms, they went; and now they both
In common kept the entry of the gate.

When Nisus thus:—"Is it the gods inspire
"This heav'nly ardour in our breasts, my friend?
"Or do the gods themselves within us dwell?
"For long my mind has urg'd me on to dare
"Some great and bold attempt; nor is content
"To pass this indolent inglorious life.
"Thou seest what trust the Rutuli repose
"In their affairs; their fires are near extinct,
"And drown'd in sleep and wine they lay outstretch'd:

" 'Tis silent ev'ry where :—now understand
" What I intend, and what design my mind
" Has thought:—The people and the elders wish
" Æneas to return, and messengers
" To send, who shall bring back account of him.
" If they will give to thee what I demand
" (For me the glory of the deed's enough),
" I think I can discover near yon hill
" A passage to the Palantean walls."
Euryalus amaz'd, and instant struck
With the great love of fame, his ardent friend
Address'd in these kind words :—" Dost thou refuse
" To let me share a part in thy renown,
" My friend ? and shall I singly send thee forth
" To so great dangers ? For not so my sire,
" Opheltes, us'd to arms, instructed me,
" Train'd up amidst the wars of Greece and Troy;
" Nor have I ever thus dealt with my friend,
" Following the great Æneas, and his fate.
" Death I despise, and have a heart that feels
" The lasting fame to which you now aspire,
" Cheap bought with life." To whom thus Nisus spoke:—
" Truly, I did not fear such things of thee,
" Nor was it right to fear; so may great Jove,
" Or whatsoever god beholds these things
" With his impartial eyes, restore me back
" Triumphant to my friend. But if by chance
" My fate should snatch me into dangers dire
" (Of which so many are in deeds like these),
" May'st thou survive! Thy youthful years are more
" Deserving life—and, oh! my corpse commit,
" When snatch'd from fight or ransom'd back by gold,
" To the cold grave. Should this my fate deny,
" Oh! let some pious hand for me perform
" The fun'ral rites, and raise the empty tomb,
" Nor let me be the cause of so much grief

" To thy unhappy mother, who alone,
" Out of so many Trojan matrons, dar'd,
" O youth! to follow thee; nor did regard
" The city built on fam'd Sicilia's shore."
To whom Euryalus:—" Vain is thy plea,
" Nor shall my fix'd determination change;
" Then let us haste."—He said: and instantly
Awakes the guards; they straight succeed, and watch;
And quitting now their station, he attends
His comrade Nisus, to seek out their king.

Whilst other men throughout the world allay'd
Their cares in sleep, forgetful of their toils,
The Trojan leaders and the chosen youth
Were holding council about public things;
What they should do, or who should now be sent
To great Æneas. In mid-camp they stand,
Holding their shields, and leaning on their spears.
Then Nisus and his gallant friend demand
Quickly to be admitted, and declare
Their bus'ness of such weight as to excuse
The interruption. Then Ascanius first
Receives the chiefs, and Nisus bids to speak;
When thus the son of Hyrtacus began:—
" Hear, O! ye Trojans, with attentive minds,
" And let not these things which we now propose
" Be estimated by our years. Our foes
" Are silent, drown'd in sleep and wine, and we
" Have found a way by which we may escape,
" Where two ways meet, contiguous to the sea.
" Their fires are nearly out, and the black smoke
" Ascends to Heav'n. If ye will grant us leave
" To try our fortune, ye shall soon behold
" Æneas from Evander's distant walls
" Return, with spoils and richest booty crown'd.
" Nor shall the way deceive us setting out;
" By frequent hunting we have oft observ'd

" The distant city thro' the gloomy vale,
" And all the stream explor'd." Alethes then,
With years and wisdom crown'd, thus answ'ring spoke:—
" Ye guardian gods! in whose great pow'r is Troy,
" Ye will not yet the Trojan cause forsake,
" Since ye have giv'n it such illustrious youths."
So saying, he with joy embrac'd them both,
While tears stole down his venerable cheeks.
" What things, what recompense, can I suppose
" Should be bestow'd on you for such a deed?
" The gods and your own virtue will bestow
" The first rewards: the great Æneas next,
" And young Ascanius, just now ripe of age,
" Never unmindful of such high deserts,
" Will give the rest." Ascanius then rejoin'd,—
" O Nisus! by the household gods I pray
" (Whose only safety is my sire's return),
" By Vesta's sacred fane (for all my hopes
" And fortunes I repose in thee), oh! bring
" My sire again, restore him to my sight;
" Our safety must depend on his return.
" Two goblets shall be thine, with silver wrought,
" And figures rough, which my great father took
" At rich Arisba's capture; and, besides,
" Two tripods, and two talents of pure gold,
" And a large bowl which Tyrian Dido gave,
" If it should be my lot to gain this land,
" Enjoy the throne, and have my share of spoils.
" Thou see'st what noble steeds King Turnus rides,
" What arms he wears: these, and his costly shield
" And ruddy crest, O Nisus! shall be thine.
" Besides my sire will give twelve chosen maids
" Of matchless beauty, and as many men
" Clad in their armour; thou shalt also have
" Whatever land Latinus now enjoys.
" And thou, Euryalus, whose age to mine

" Is nearly equal, thee will I receive
" Into my friendship, as my bosom friend;
" No deeds of glory shall be sought by me
" Without thy valu'd aid; in peace, or war,
" Thy kind advice shall all my actions guide."

To whom the gen'rous youth:—" Thy honour'd friend
" Shall ne'er retire from Glory's call; may Heav'n
" Our labours crown with the desir'd success.
" But one thing above all thy gifts I ask;
" A mother of great Priam's race I own,
" Whom, anxious to be partner of my fates,
" Neither her much-lov'd native Trojan shores,
" Nor great Acesta's walls, could e'er restrain
" From following her son. Her now I leave
" Unseen, and ign'rant of this bold attempt:
" I swear by Night, and thy right hand, O prince!
" I cannot bear to see a parent's tears.
" But I beseech thee give to her relief,
" And cherish her when left. Could I repose
" This trust in thee, more willing I shall go
" To face all dangers." Mov'd at such a scene,
The Trojans wept around: Ascanius first,
With sentiments of filial love inspir'd,
The noble youth address'd:—" All shall be thine
" Thy deeds deserve; for she shall be to me
" In ev'ry thing a mother but in name:
" No honours shall be left unpaid by me
" Due to the parent of so brave a son.
" Should adverse fortune frown on this attempt,
" I promise by my life (by which my sire
" Is wont to swear) that those things which to thee
" I promis'd, if success smil'd on the deed,
" Thy mother and thy family shall claim."
Weeping he spoke, and from his shoulders took
A golden sword, which with surpassing skill
The Cretan artist, fam'd Lycaon, made,

And aptly fitted in an iv'ry sheath.
Mnestheus presents to Nisus the rich spoils
Of a fierce lion: Alethes changes helms.
Shining in arms they go, whom all the band
Of Trojan chieftains, youth, and hoary hairs,
Follow with ardent wishes to the gates.
The young Ascanius, with a manly soul,
And cares beyond his years, commits to them
Dispatches to be carried to his sire:
But winds dispers'd them all, and mingled with the clouds.
Leaving their friends, they pass the moat, and thro'
The shades of night they seek the hostile camp,
Ere long to deal destruction, not to few.
They see their foes extended o'er the grass
In sleep and wine, their chariots on the shore,
And midst the wheels lay goblets, arms, and men.
Then first Hyrtacides the silence broke:—
"Be strong, Euryalus! th' occasion calls
"Our utmost efforts; here a glorious scene
"Calls forth our prowess. Lest some hostile hand
"Should come upon us from behind, beware,
"And diligently watch. I will lay waste
"These places with my sword, and lead thee thro'."
He said, and ceas'd; that instant with his sword
He slew the haughty Ramnes, who was laid
High on a bed of tap'stry, sound in sleep;
The same a king, and Turnus' fav'rite priest:
But augury could not avert his death.
Three servants lying on their arms he slew;
And Remus' arm-bearer and charioteer,
Under their very steeds; and with his sword
He sever'd from the trunks their nodding heads.
Next he consign'd to death their mighty lord,
Leaving his body welt'ring in its blood;
The earth and couch were moisten'd with his gore.

Then Lamyrus and Lamus next he slew,
And young Serranus, who on that same night
Had danc'd and revell'd, beautiful in face,
But now lay snoring, overcome with wine;
Happy had he prolong'd his play till morn.
As a fierce lion ranging thro' the folds
(By furious hunger driv'n), devours and tears
The tender flocks and herds, silent thro' fear;
And roars, while foaming with his bloody jaws.
Nor did Euryalus do less; incens'd
He also rag'd, and many a common soul,
Of vulgar birth, to Pluto's regions sent.
Fadus, and Hebesus, and Rhœtus next,
And Abaris he slew: Rhœtus awoke,
And witness'd all their deeds; but, seiz'd with fear,
Conceal'd himself behind a cask of wine:
Him rising up Euryalus assail'd,
And plung'd his sword into his adverse breast,
Then drew it out all reeking with his gore;
He vomits up the purple tide of life.
The hero then his slaught'ring course pursu'd,
And now was come to great Messapus' camp,
Where he saw fires near out, and the loose steeds
Browsing the grass; when Nisus briefly thus
(For he perceiv'd himself and friend were urg'd
With too great thirst of blood):—"Let us desist,
"For now th' unfriendly day begins to dawn;
"We've wrought sufficient vengeance on our foes,
"And thro' the midst a passage now is made."
Arms and large bowls they left, and tap'stry rich,
With gold and silver work'd. The equipage
Of Rhamnes' horses, and a golden belt
Enrich'd with studs, Euryalus now takes,
Which once the wealthy Cædicus had giv'n
To the Tiburtian Remulus, with whom
He wish'd in leagues of friendship to be join'd;

He dying, to his nephew them bequeath'd:
After his death, by right of conquest gain'd,
The Rutuli possess'd them: these he takes,
And vainly binds them round his manly loins.
He next put on Messapus' helmet, grac'd
And beautiful with plumes. They then depart,
Forsake the camp, and seek a safe retreat.

Meanwhile three hundred horse were on their march,
Sent forward from the Latian walls, who brought
(While th' other force remain'd encamp'd behind)
Dispatches thence to Turnus, their great king;
All arm'd with shields, with Volscens at their head.
And now they near approach'd the camp, and came
Close to the walls, when sudden they descry'd
The heroes turning to the left-hand path:
For thro' the darksome shade of night his helm
Betray'd Euryalus, the moon's bright beams
Reflecting from its polish'd sides her rays.
"Surely my sight deceives me not," exclaim'd
The wary Volscens; "Say, what bus'ness calls
"Your steps this way, young men? and why in arms?"
They answer'd not, but urg'd their rapid flight.
The horse in haste obstruct the well-known ways,
And stop up ev'ry entrance with a guard.
A wood grew near, with shady oak-trees fill'd,
With prickly thorns and brambles overgrown,
Thro' which the devious path was seldom trod
By human foot, and scarce could be discern'd.
The thick opposing boughs and weight of spoils
Retard Euryalus, and the great fear
Of erring from his way. Nisus was gone,
Unmindful of his friend, and pass'd his foes,
And those parts Alban call'd, from Alba's name,
Where King Latinus had some lofty stalls;
When he stopp'd short, and sought his absent friend.
"Oh! where, my lov'd Euryalus," he cry'd,

" Have I unhappy left thee? where shall I
" Direct my steps to find thee?"—When again,
Returning thro' the long perplexing way
Of the deceitful wood, he backward trod
His footsteps mark'd, and wander'd thro' the grove:
He hears the horses, and the noise and shouts
Of foes pursuing him; nor was it long
Ere a loud sudden shout assail'd his ears:
He sees Euryalus, whom all the troop
With sudden tumult had encircled round,
By the dark night deceiv'd, and trackless place!
" What should he do? or with what efforts try
" To save his friend? or shall he rush amidst
" The hostile troop, and die a glorious death?"
Then, brandishing his spear, with uprais'd arm,
Thus to the Moon he urg'd his fervent pray'r:—
" Oh! goddess, glory of the heav'nly stars,
" And guardian of terrestrial woods and groves,
" Propitious favour now my bold attempt!
" If e'er my father Hyrtacus for me
" His sacred gifts to thy great altars brought,
" Or I rich spoils in hunting ever gain'd,
" And in thy temples hung them up on high,
" Give me to rout this troop, and guide my lance!"
He said; and his strong spear with vigour hurl'd,
Which loudly whizzing cut the shades of night,
And pierc'd the back of Sulmo opposite,
And broke in twain, but with the shatter'd wood
Pass'd thro' his bowels with a mortal wound.
Alarm'd they look around, when bolder grown
He hurl'd another weapon thro' the air,
While terrified they stood: the jav'lin flew,
And, whizzing onward, thro' the temples pierc'd
Of valiant Tagus, passing thro' his brain,
Fierce Volscens furious rag'd, nor could he see
The author of the deed, the secret foe

On whom to vent his mad avenging rage.
" But thou shalt instant pay the price of these"
He said; and furious, having drawn his sword.
Rush'd on Euryalus.—Nisus alarm'd,
Madly cry'd out, nor could he keep conceal'd
A moment longer, or bear such distress:—
" I was the author of the deed; on me
" Turn your revengeful swords, O Rutuli!
" The fraud was mine, he neither dar'd nor could;
" His only fault was that he lov'd his friend."
So said he, but the weapon driv'n with force
Enter'd his side, and pierc'd his snowy breast.
Euryalus fell dead, while o'er his limbs,
Still beautiful in death, the warm blood flow'd,
And o'er his shoulders hung his pendent head;
As when a purple flow'r cut by the scythe,
In some wide field, falls down, and dying droops;
Or poppies hang their heads when fill'd with rain.
But Nisus rush'd into the midst, and sought
The raging Volscens, on him fix'd his eyes:
His friends, collecting, rally round their chief,
But Nisus still impetuous urges on,
Brandishing high in air his flaming sword,
And plung'd it deep into the open mouth
Of the Rutulian calling loud for help;
When, pierc'd with wounds, upon his lifeless friend
He fell, and died a great and glorious death!

Oh! happy youths, while these my lines shall last,
No time your honour'd names shall ever blot
From our remembrance, whilst imperial Rome
Sits mistress of the world, and Cæsar sways
Her weighty sceptre with impartial pow'r.

April 14, 1807. C. S. B.

THE STORM-KING.

OH! what is that object who moves o'er the heath,
And scatters around him destruction and death?
Behold! with a speed more than mortal he flies,
While sulphurous horrors fast round him arise!
What dark clouds of thunder envelop his form!
"'Tis the lord of the whirlwind, the King of the Storm."

Now, see! o'er yon castle his fury he pours;
His lightnings descend on its ivy-crown'd tow'rs:
Its tenants, alarm'd, view with fearful amaze
O'er their heads the tall turrets burst out in a blaze.
Thro' the fierce burning fabric their cries loudly ring.
As they fly from the wrath of the Storm-raising King.

The tempest's rude influ'nce the ocean now feels,
And equals in terror the thunder's dread peals:
That far-distant ship on the billows so tost,
O'erwhelm'd in the conflict, now sinks, and is lost!
To the wreck's floating remnants the crew vainly cling—
All yield to the force of the Storm-ruling King.

But now in low murmurs the storm rolls away;
The clouds too, dispersing, admit the sun's ray;
Emerging with splendour he gladdens the scene,
But points out the track where the tempest has been:
No longer fierce whirlwinds fair nature deform,
And gone to his realms is the King of the Storm!

C. S. B.

ANACREONTIC.

OFT had Love essay'd in vain
An entrance to my heart to gain;
Oft his darts the urchin try'd,
Yet they always glanc'd aside.

Vain were his attempts to move
My stubborn heart to harbour love.

Mad that all his efforts fail'd,
Of all his arts that none avail'd,
At length he listed in his aid
Chloe, fair and fatal maid:
And when I once beneath a vine
Was quaffing deep the sparkling wine,
The god, perceiving this to be
A time when he might conquer me,
Unseen, behind me slily stole,
And dipp'd his arrows in the bowl!

Soon I took the treach'rous draught,
And unsuspicious deeply quaff'd,
When loud the little godhead laugh'd:
And now before me he confest
"That poison lurk'd within my breast."

Too soon I found his saying true,
For, when fair Chloe came in view,
I felt the influ'nce of the wine,
And all the pangs of love were mine.

C. S. B.

THE SORROWS OF WAKING.

When Night o'er earth her sable vestment spreads,
Sleep its sweet influ'nce on the captive sheds;
On fairy pinions Fancy takes its flight,
And soars amid the regions of delight:
He dreams that now, no longer bound in chains,
He flies confinement, and his cot regains:
Once more he views each well-remember'd spot,
The woodbine bow'r, the ancient mossy grot;
The limpid brook which bubbling leap'd along,
And tun'd its murmurs to the linnet's song;

As thro' a wood, which near the village rose,
Its lucid and meand'ring path it chose.
'Twas here, when ev'ning Cynthia held her reign,
He sigh'd in Beauty's ear Love's softest strain.
He sees the tow'r with ivy mantled o'er,—
The ancient scene of many a blissful hour.
When first (by worth, by well-known merit, mov'd)
The charming maid his youthful suit approv'd.
Once more he holds her in his eager arms,
Once more enraptur'd gazes on her charms;
To Heav'n their vows of constancy they plight,
And in indissoluble bonds unite.
Within the captive's breast no cares remain;
Joy, transport, rapture, thrill in ev'ry vein:
The sun of bliss around him pours its rays,
And Love and Freedom join to bless his days.
His vision this. But yonder comes the day!
And Morning's beams upon his eyelids play.
The captive wakes. Alas! these joys are fled,
His fetters rattle as he rears his head:
He starts! with visions bless'd no longer sleeps,
But clasps his hands, and in sad silence weeps.

J. C.

LINES,

WRITTEN ON A TOMB-STONE IN BRIGHTON CHURCHYARD.

HERE Youth and Age, Humility and Pride,
Here angry rivals, slumber side by side;
The pride of Science, boast of Beauty, here
Lie silent, prostrate. Pity! drop a tear.
From this e'en Youth no sure exemption knows—
The flow'r is cropp'd, 'tis blighted ere it blows:
The sturdy oak, the ancient pride of fields,
Oft to the storm before the sapling yields:
Not Crœsus' wealth, not Plutus' golden store,
Will purchase thee one year, one day, one hour;

Not charms transcendent, nor illustrious birth,
Can change the fate of any child of earth;
The rich, the poor, the fair, the sad, the gay,
Must all return to their primeval clay!

C.

TO MASTER H. P.

ON HIS GAINING THE PRIZE OF THE SILVER PEN, AT MR. C.'S ACADEMY, DEC. 1809.

WHILE, my dear boy! your heart exulting views
The honour'd *prize*, which marks Improvement's line;
And e'en contesting schoolmates can't refuse
To own that Justice has decreed it thine;—
Hear the congratulations of a friend,
Who joins your parents in the ardent hope
That *this* may urge you daily to amend,
And give to youthful Genius all its scope!

Be *this* the stimulus to press you on
Thro' Learning's vary'd paths to speed your way;
Nor ever let the swift declining sun
Hear you exclaim, "Ah me! I've lost a day!"

Ne'er let *its* virgin purity be stain'd
By Malice, or be dipp'd in Envy's gall;
Ne'er be its praise by venal bribes attain'd,
Nor let it triumph in a good man's fall.

Ne'er let it pen one line that may deceive,
Or cause the orphan's or the widow's tear;
But be its pride to sooth the souls that grieve,
And the forlorn and wretched heart to cheer.

So shall this *silver* attribute to worth
Inscribe with Honour's name your *youthful* page;
Good men will bless the hour that gave you birth,
And God reward you with a *golden age*.

Lyceum Theatre. T. MARSHALL.

STANZAS,

WRITTEN IN THE SUMMER OF 1803.

'Tis sweet to hear, at ev'ning-tide,
The nightingale complain;
But sweeter when by Gatliffe's side
I weave the simple strain.

And sweet it is, when all's serene,
To roam the woods among,
Remote from Folly's group obscene,
And Fashion's noisy throng:

To hear the brook that babbles by
Confess th' Almighty Pow'r;
While ev'ry star that decks the sky,
And ev'ry op'ning flow'r,

With one accordant voice confirm
His universal rule;
And bid the philosophic worm
Shrink back, and be a fool!

Oh! I would roam for many a mile
To meet the humble man,
Who, free from philosophic guile,
Admits the heav'nly plan;

Who sees in Nature's meanest charm,
With unaffected eyes,
The strength of God's Herculean arm,
And scorns the would-be wise!

But, hence, ye sluggish drones of sense!
Ye querists of God's right!
Begone! I loath the vile pretence
That clouds celestial light!

Go! mingle with your deep compeers
In intellectual lore;
But never in my humbler ears
Your hellish dogmas roar!

Go to your dark retiring shades,
And mar each other's peace;
But never soil these simple glades
Where lasting joys increase.

Ne'er let your hands pollute the shrines
Where Truth and Reason dwell;
But keep within your black confines,
Ye demi-gods of hell!

Shall man presume to soar above
The limits of his sphere,
And by vague arguments to prove
God's promise insincere?

Shall he, with self-importance fir'd,
His lovely works blaspheme,
And, with infernal pride inspir'd,
Treat all things as a dream?

Shrink back, thou foul apostate! shrink
From Heav'n's resplendent sight;
And from the grave's stupendous brink
Go view the realms of Night!

Survey the fiercely rolling flames;
The rivers of perpetual fire;
Thy emblem, him, whose nature aims
To war against th' eternal Sire!

Survey him writhing 'neath the sting
Of Conscience, and remorseless Wo!
The prowess of his ebon wing
Damn'd in the blazing gulf below!

There gaze,—and, having gaz'd thy fill,
Look to the star-envelop'd skies,
Where God, with most ingenious skill,
The darken'd world with light supplies!

If o'er thy soul a thought should steal,
That all thy learning's vain;
To those, who doubt, that thought reveal,
And make them wise again.

But should you find them stubborn slaves
To philosophic pride,
Who see no further than their graves,
And future bliss deride;—

Waste not your breath in such employ,
But turn to other themes;
And from the fount of endless joy
Imbibe celestial dreams!

Thus shalt thou feel the hand of Peace
Thy weary eyelids close;
Thus ev'ry pleasure shall increase,
And ev'ry pang repose!

Grafton-street, 1810. J. G.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

BY PHILLIS WHEATLEY,

Negro Servant to Mr. John Wheatley, of Boston, in New England.

Written in the Year 1773.

No more the flow'ry scenes of pleasure rise,
Nor charming prospects greet the mental eyes;
No more with joy we view that lovely face,
Smiling, disportive, flush'd with ev'ry grace.

The tear of sorrow flows from ev'ry eye;
Groans answer groans, and sighs to sighs reply!
What sudden pangs shot thro' each aching heart,
When, Death! thy messenger dispatch'd his dart!
Thy dread attendants, all-destroying Pow'r,
Hurry'd the infant to his mortal hour.

Could'st thou unpitying close those radiant eyes?
Or fail'd his artless beauties to surprise?
Could not his innocence thy stroke control,
Thy purpose shake, and soften all thy soul?

The blooming babe, with shades of Death o'erspread,
No more shall smile, no more shall raise its head;
But, like a branch that from the tree is torn,
Falls prostrate, wither'd, languid, and forlorn.
"Where flies my James?" 'tis thus I seem to hear
The parent ask; "Some angel, tell me where
"He wings his passage thro' the yielding air?"
Methinks a cherub bending from the skies
Observes the question, and serene replies,—
"In Heav'n's high palaces your babe appears:
"Prepare to meet him, and dismiss your tears."
Shall not th' intelligence your grief restrain,
And turn the mournful to the cheerful strain?
Cease your complaints, suspend each rising sigh;
Cease to accuse the Ruler of the sky.
Parents! no more indulge the falling tear;
Let Faith to Heav'n's refulgent domes repair:
There see your infant like a seraph glow;
What charms celestial in his numbers flow
Melodious, while the soul-enchanting strain
Dwells on his tongue, and fills th' ethereal plain!
Enough—for ever cease your murm'ring breath;
Not as a foe, but friend, converse with Death;
Since to the port of happiness unknown
He brought that treasure which you call your own.
The gift of Heav'n, intrusted to your hand,
Cheerful resign at the divine command:—
Not at your bar must sov'reign Wisdom stand.

ON IMAGINATION.

BY THE SAME.

THY various works, imperial Queen! we see;
How bright their forms! how deck'd with pomp by thee!
Thy wondrous acts in beauteous order stand,
And all attest how potent is thine hand.

From Helicon's refulgent heights attend,
Ye sacred choir! and my attempts befriend:
To tell her glories with a faithful tongue,
Ye blooming Graces! triumph in my song.

Now here, now there, the roving Fancy flies,
Till some lov'd object strikes her wand'ring eyes,
Whose silken fetters all the senses bind,
And soft captivity involves the mind.

Imagination! who can sing thy force?
Or who describe the swiftness of thy course?
Soaring thro' air to find the bright abode,
Th' empyreal palace of the thund'ring God,
We on thy pinions can surpass the wind,
And leave the rolling universe behind.
From star to star the mental optics rove,
Measure the skies, and range the realms above:
There in one view we grasp the mighty whole,
Or with new worlds amaze th' unbounded soul.

Tho' Winter frowns to Fancy's raptur'd eyes,
The fields may flourish, and gay scenes arise;
The frozen deeps may break their iron bands,
And bid their waters murmur o'er the sands;
Fair Flora may resume her fragrant reign,
And with her flow'ry riches deck the plain;

Sylvanus may diffuse his honours round,
And all the forest may with leaves be crown'd;
Show'rs may descend, and dews their gems disclose,
And nectar sparkle on the blooming rose.

Such is thy pow'r; nor are thine orders vain,
O! Thou the leader of the mental train!
In full perfection all thy works are wrought,
And thine the sceptre o'er the realms of Thought.
Before thy throne the subject Passions bow,—
Of subject Passions sov'reign ruler Thou;
At thy command joy rushes on the heart,
And thro' the glowing veins the spirits dart.

Fancy might now her silken pinions try
To rise from earth, and sweep th' expanse on high;
From Tithon's bed now might Aurora rise,
Her cheeks all glowing with celestial dies,
While a pure stream of light o'erflows the skies:
The monarch of the day I might behold,
And all the mountains tipp'd with radiant gold;
But I reluctant leave the pleasing views,
Which Fancy dresses to delight the Muse:
Winter austere forbids me to aspire,
And northern tempests damp the rising fire:
They chill the tides of Fancy's flowing sea;
Cease then, my song! cease the unequal lay.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

7 NO 61

INDEX

TO

THE SECOND VOLUME.

A

Avis aux Femmes qui veulent se rajeunir - - - - - 192
Address to Mr. M. M. B. - 134
To Sally - - - - - - 284
To Fancy - - - - - 324
Anacreontic - - - - - 363

B

Botany of the Plant of Love, 136
Britannia - - - - - - - 328

C

Cambrian Cot - - - - - 203
Capricious Lovers - - - 277
Conquerors of Walcheren - 144
Country-Cottage - - - - 323

D

Delivery of the Law from Mount Sinai - - - - 126
Delusions of Pleasure - - 224
Death, Judgment, Heaven, and Hell - - - - - - 316
Dying Soldier, the - - - 278
Dream, the - - - - - 341

E

Eagle and Owl, the - - - 118
Eclogue - - - - - - - 213
Edwin & Matilda—Canto I. 30
II. 65
III. 104
IV. 152
Elegy.—By Bryan Edwards, 93
The obdurate Fair - - 138
Written in Jamaica - - 172
Composed among the Tombs - - - - - - 179
On leaving Southampton, 209
Eliza's Holiday - - - - 298
Epigram to an ignorant and importunate Author - 11
The Woman of real Value - - - - - - - 11
To certain Reviewers - 38
Titulus - - - - - - - 47
To a Writer who scorned to be comprehended by the Multitude - - - 339
Epitaph on a Thief of State, 38
On a great Poet - - - 44
On the Rev. J. Venn - - 270
On General Montgomery, 349
Epistle to a young Poet - - 233

F

Farewell Address to the Inhabitants of Louth - - 91
Fable, from Æsop - - - - 344

H

Hope, on - - - - - - - 163
340
Horace—Epode II.—translated - - - - - - 217
Ode IX. Book II. imitated, 269

INDEX.

I

Impromptu à Caro F. - - 186
Imagination, on - - - - 371

J

Jamaica—A Poem. By Bryan Edwards - - - - - - 268

L

Lass o' Eden Side, the - - 237
L'Abjuration de mon Cœur, 281
Lines—On Pleasure - - - 86
MS. in the old Folio Edition of the Fairie Queene - - - - - 43
Out of Sight out of Mind, 62
On the Ruins of St. B—d Priory - - - - - - 88
To two young Ladies - - 95
To an ingenious but unfortunate Friend - - 135
To my Aunt on her Birthday - - - - - - - 161
On Tintern-Abbey - - 164
On the Battle of the Danube - - - - - - - 166
Occasioned by the Description of a female Mind and Person, in the Repository of Arts, 190
On finding a Pen washed up on the Shore, near Brighton - - - - - 174
Written in a Volume of Fragments. By E. Smith, 207
For the first Leaf of my Memorandum - Book, 1809 - - - - - - - 222
For the last Leaf of my Memorandum - Book, 1809 - - - - - - - 223
Addressed by Count O. to his sleeping Infant - - 227
On a Wedding-day Anniversary - - - - - - - 230
On some Swallows - - - 251
By a young Man who blushed on being derided for his serious Turn of Mind - - - 270
On the Death of John Dawes Worgan, of Bristol - - - - - - - - 274
Lines, Elegiac, on the Death of a Friend - - - - 280
A une Femme belle et insensible - - - - - - 288
A Mr. L'Abbe Delille - - 283
A Milady H—— - - - - 283
A Mademoiselle P—r - 279
On Love - - - - - - - 135
On the Stings of a guilty Conscience - - - - 276
On the Death of a Canary-Bird - - - - - - - 333
On the Death of a very young Lady - - - - 343
On seeing a wither'd Oak cut down - - - - - 344
On a Tomb-Stone in Brighton Churchyard - - - 365
To Master H. P. - - - 366
On the Death of an Infant, 369

M

Man of Integrity, the - - 130
Man of true Courage, the - 128
Mors Janua Vitæ - - - - 208
Moralist, the - - - - - 326

N

Nearer Home; or, the Mile-Stone - - - - - - - - 61
Nisus and Euryalus, an Episode from Virgil - - - 353
Newspaper; or, Love and Loyalty - - - - - - 310
Negro Slave, the - - - - 345

O

Ostrich and Eagle, the - - 122
Odes for the Jubilee - - - 12
19
20
22
24
26
29
Ode—To my Lyre - - - - 39
59
175
May-day.—By Mickle - 72
Devotion - - - - - - - 112

INDEX.

Ode—In the Manner of Collin's Ode to Evening - 189
To Fear - - - - - - - 189
Acrostic on the Seasons - 206
On seeing a Negro Funeral, 252
On the Ruins of Kirkstal-Abbey - - - - - - 261
To Time - - - - - - - 262
Written during the American War - - - - - 266
To Friendship - - - - - 226
On reading the Life of H. K. White - - - - 331
Origin of the Harp-Lute - 285
Old Hound, the - - - - 358

P

Path of Peace, the - - - 130
Poet's Apology, the - - - 48
Poet's Complaint - - - - 138
Pleasures of Solitude - - 335
Prologue to Venice Preserv'd, 347

R

Recluse, the - - - - - 158
Reflections on Life - - - 163

S

Schoolmaster's Tour - - - 1
49
97
145
193
241
Shepherd's Complaint - - 142
Sonnet, written in the Ruins of Lochlevin-Castle - 231
To S. M. W****o - - 339
To Spring - - - - - 340
On seeing a Churchyard levelled - - - - - 348
Spring - - - - - - - 281
Stanzas, occasioned by the Death of an African Slave - - - - - - 121
Written on a Pane of Glass covered with Frost - - 96
Written in the Summer of 1808 - - - - - - 305
Ditto - - - - - - - 367
Inscribed to Mr. Pratt - 342
To Hope - - - - - - 351
Sorrows of Waking - - - 364
Storm-King - - - - - - 363
Search, the - - - - - - 257
Sempstress, the - - - - 287

T

Traxirade - - - - - - - 45
To the Evening Star - - - 64
Tear for Albion - - - - 169
To Walter Scott, on perusing Marmion - - - - - 85
Tribute to the Character of British Seamen - - - 139
Thoughts by a Sailor - - 231
Towers of Intellect - - - 170
Talavera - - - - - - 187
Transmutation; or, Gift of Genius.—A Vision - - - 211
To England - - - - - 349

V

Valentine - - - - - - 167
View thro' Nature up to Nature's God - - - - - 70
Virtue and Snow - - - - 227
Verses on a Cottage near Berwick-upon-Tweed - 249
To the Memory of Schill, 253
Vision, the - - - - - - 138